

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 735

Week Ending
APRIL 22, 1933

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

THE BITTER TRUTH ABOUT FLYING

See
Page
Six

THE LONELY GRAVE OF A HERO

A VISIT AFTER 10 YEARS

Dean's Prayers at the Last
Resting Place of Shackleton

THE FAME OF A GREAT VOYAGE

A solemn ceremony has taken place this year in the lonely island of South Georgia, in the South Atlantic Ocean, 1200 miles east of Cape Horn.

Dean Lumsdale of the Falkland Islands has been making a long pilgrimage to this part of his district, and has taken the opportunity to read the Burial Service over the grave of Sir Ernest Shackleton.

Over ten years have gone by since the sorrowing crew of the Quest laid the body of their great leader in a grave under the snow-clad mountains, and the dean is the first priest who has visited this spot since.

Superhuman Endurance

Sir Ernest had set out from London on his fourth journey to the Antarctic in September 1921, but off South Georgia he died from heart failure, owing to his having undertaken the labours of men he thought more fatigued than himself.

No place could be more appropriate for him to rest in, for it was at South Georgia that he accomplished the most heroic deed of his heroic life. This was in 1916, when by a superhuman act of endurance he landed on this island after a journey of 800 miles from Elephant Island in an open boat, and crossed the mountains to the whaling station to seek help for the starving crew of the Endurance. This ship had been crushed by the ice and its crew had succeeded in reaching Elephant Island with what was virtually half a world of sea and ice between them and safety.

An Epic Struggle

Leaving Frank Wild with 21 men on Elephant Island, with only two upturned boats for shelter, Shackleton with five staunch rowers made the most heroic boat journey in the story of the world. This gallant little band suffered agonies from gales, from ice and snow, from sickness, yet with food and clothing drenched they won their way through to South Georgia.

That great adventure has made South Georgia one of the most famous places on our maps. Few but English and Norwegian whalers frequent its inhospitable shores, and some of these accompanied Dean Lumsdale to our hero's grave. With them was a large party from the Research ship Discovery II on its way back to Cape Town after a year's cruise in the Antarctic, so that all present were men who had known something of the difficulties and dangers Shackleton had endured.

A New Game At Whipsnade



Barbara tries a balancing trick



Sam's attempt to bowl a hoop

Sam and Barbara, the polar bears of Whipsnade Zoo, have been provided with an old motor-tyre, and they are as happy as children with their new toy, as these pictures suggest.

WELL PLAYED

RANJI'S GAME OF LIFE

At the Wicket and on
the Throne

AN ENLIGHTENED RULER

One of the greatest batsmen who ever lived has passed away in Ranjitsinhji; one of the most enlightened of the Native Rulers of India, in the Maharajah of Nawanagar, as he became in 1906.

He is succeeded by his nephew Rajkumar Dijiyaiahji, the elder brother of the famous Sussex cricketer Dulcepsinhji.

It is as a cricketer that he will live in the memories of most middle-aged people, and no history of cricket will fail to give a paragraph to Ranji. For Ranji gave something fine to the greatest of our games. He gave it a subtlety and an uncanny dexterity which were a challenge to the solid force and strength typified by Dr Grace, whom Ranji succeeded as the idol of the lovers of the game.

An Artist in Every Movement

His quickness of eye and the agile play of his wrist proved to all that cricket was a game for the mind more than the muscle, and that the lithe athlete could score as freely as the giant. Ranji was a master of grace, an artist in every movement, a genius in his development of his leg glide, and a fieldsman of exceptional ability.

He was the first man to make over 3000 runs in a year, a feat he accomplished three times. In one year he had an average of 87 runs, and he played against Australia 14 times. A charming comrade, he made hosts of friends, and raised the Native State of India to the high status of something of real interest to every schoolboy.

What Ranji learned on the playing-fields of England he put into practice on the 4000 square miles over which he ruled in India. He built schools and hospitals all over his State; he spent two million pounds on railways and public works, and one million on the development of Jamnagar port. When the war broke out he maintained a force of a thousand men in France, and went there himself.

At the League Assembly

Twice was he representative of India at the League Assembly, and from its beginning he was a member of the Committee of the Chamber of Princes, being their Chancellor last year. He also served as a delegate to the Round Table Conference.

He was one of England's greatest friends, and nothing gave him more delight than to walk with his old friends among the flowers in his garden at Staines, talking of the two things that are nearest the hearts of so many Englishmen—the progress of cricket in England and the progress of civilisation under the Flag.

GERMANY HITLER AND THE FUTURE

Truth Hidden From the
German People

A BLOW TO GOODWILL

We have received appeals from C.N. friends in Germany begging us to deny that anything has been happening there to distress the Jews.

One of our postcards says:

Not one single Jew has been killed or sent to prison, or offended or even molested, in any way because of his nationality; but owing to the terrible newspaper campaign in foreign papers steps may now be taken by our Government as we are all most indignant at the appalling things said.

It is, of course, terrible that such appeals can come from Germany, to a friendly country, for it means that in Germany the truth is not known. The fact is that the first result of the advent of Herr Hitler to power was a campaign of barbarism against the Jews worthy of the Dark Ages. Things have been done in Germany at peace as terrible as anything Germany was accused of in the war, and the attempt to hide the facts from the rest of the world, as they have been hidden from Germans themselves, has, of course, failed.

The Lath That Looks Like Iron

The tragedy is that what has happened has been done deliberately in peace by the Government of Herr Hitler and the forces that have put him in power, with the result that all over the world the goodwill that has grown up for Germany in the last ten years has been bitterly shaken. If one thing was certain a few weeks ago in this troubled world it was that Germany had the sympathy of nearly all the world (and especially of this country) in demanding equality, justice, and revision of the Peace Treaty, and the pitiful truth is that what has happened has thrown Germany back nearer to 1919.

All good Europeans hope that what has happened has happened against the will of the German people, and that the nation will have some power to express itself and re-establish its good name. Herr Hitler has proved himself not the strong man to unite the German nations but, in a phrase that will be understood in Germany, where it was made, a lath painted to look like iron. We do not believe for a moment that he represents the will of the German people, for whom we wish nothing but prosperity and peace.

BALTO OF ALASKA

The Dog That Saved a City

Balto, one of the most famous dogs in the world, has died from old age in the Dog's Hospital at Cleveland, Ohio.

Eight years have passed since he won high honour for himself and his master, Gunnar Kasson, whose name will never be forgotten at Nome in Alaska.

In the spring of 1925 diphtheria was raging in that remote city and its people were dying like flies owing to the want of anti-toxin. Gunnar Kasson hurried to the rescue from Nenana, 660 miles away, on a sledge drawn by a team of which Balto was the leader. The journey took five days and Kasson suffered agonies from frost-bite. The wind had blown the snow so that it covered up the trail, and Kasson would have been lost but for the unerring instinct and perseverance of his brave Balto. Indeed Gunnar Kasson gave all the credit for his wonderful exploit to Balto, the dog that refused to give up.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Arminius	Ar-min-e-us
Deimos	Dy-mos
Latium	Lay-she-um
Ptolemy	Tol-em-e
Rostov	Ras-tawf

THE FOUR MEN OVER EVEREST

What They Did and What They Saw

Every morning there appear in our daily newspapers articles worthy of a place in literature. We print one of them from The Times on the morning of the news from Everest, which is dealt with on page 7.

Lord Clydesdale's story shows how the expedition was enabled to seize its moment among the shifting moods of the mountain. Not for nothing has Indian legend surrounded it with a sinister demonology. Not for nothing, apart from every other manifestation of storm, mist, and haze, do travellers and climbers remember the mane of snow streaming from its summit as one of the most familiar characteristics of the peak. A steady hurricane of over 100 miles an hour is among its more faithful attendants.

The Task of the Pilots

Yesterday, it is pleasant to record, it was an Indian observer who set the enterprise in motion by reporting from the behaviour of the balloons that the wind, though hardly slumbering, had relaxed its vigilance and fallen to 57 miles an hour at mountain height.

It was then the turn of the two pilots, of Colonel Blacker with his cameras and of Mr Bonnett the kinema operator. It was the pilots' task to navigate their machines in company to the summit, and then to manoeuvre them in such a way as to give the cameras the best possible use of the precious minutes during the climax of the flight.

While so engaged they would have to watch not only the usual instruments and controls of the cockpit, but also the elaborate series of specialised attachments necessitated by the great height and in particular the vital supplies of oxygen and heat. It is small wonder that among this galaxy of gadgets they had spent days in training themselves to meet this or that contingency in the air by making the appropriate action as nearly as possible instinctive.

The Risks They Braved

It says everything for the quality of the navigation that the pilots were able to provide for a fifteen-minute cruise at the summit, and much for the risks they braved that their margin over the peak was no more than 100 feet. The photographers, when their turn came, had to make sure that no fraction of the crowning opportunity given them by the pilots was wasted.

This in its way was a responsibility equally calling for steadiness of nerve and quickness of judgment among the encumbrances of necessarily limited space and command, of special clothing and of the breathing apparatus, while at the speed of the machine and in the temperature of the atmosphere it would be impossible to leave shelter for more than a second or two at a time.

A New Page in the Atlas

The practical results of the flight will be chronicled pictorially. Every geographer and every mountaineer will wish to hear that an almost unmapped and unmappable area has been given a page of its own in the world's atlas.

But not even the camera will tell the whole of what the airmen, first of their kind in this, have seen, nor can they perhaps ever hope to communicate it. It is almost like exploring the rainbow to have travelled high above the range of physical life direct to that immense, remote, tethered cloud that the traveller sees, say, from Darjeeling; to have proved its solidity of ice, snow, and rock; to have looked down its many-shaded slopes and folds, its glaciers and its desperate precipices; to have seen from above the iridescence of its ice-barriers; and to have gazed, as it were, over the "flaming walls of the world."

A MOVING BIT OF ENGLAND

FAMOUS MAN'S NEPHEW
WHO MOVED IT

Great Rocking Stone in
Cornwall For the Nation

NEWEST GIFT TO THE NATIONAL TRUST

Through the National Trust another bit of England has been given back to us, an area containing that strange object known as the Cornish Rocking Stone, or the Logan Rock.

Visitors to Penzance know the spot very well. The Logan Rock stands on the wild, windswept coast between Mounts Bay and Land's End. It is a block of granite weighing about 66 tons and is poised so delicately that the merest touch of a hand can set it rocking, or "lugging."

There may have been a time when it would respond as lightly as the one Ptolemy told of, in Asia, which the stalk of a flower could set swaying. Although the Logan Rock swings marvellously today it does not respond quite as delicately as it did before its adventure over a hundred years ago.

A Costly Adventure

It happened that in 1824 there was a young officer named Goldsmith, a nephew of Oliver Goldsmith, in charge of a Revenue cutter whose work was to keep an eye on the smugglers of Mounts Bay. He seemed to spend a good deal of his spare time rocking the Logan Stone and wondering why it was said that no leverage, no mechanical power, could move it from its base.

The Rocking Stone burned a hole in his pocket, so to speak, and one night he landed with a boat's crew and some implements, and by a tremendous united and skilled effort managed to shift the rock from its light resting-place.

There was a great outcry about it, and the smart young man was rapped on the knuckles and told he must put Humpty Dumpty back again. It cost him a far greater skilled effort, some special machinery, and £124 10s 6d (a sum usually said to be £2000) to do so. Cornish folk did not forgive him even then, for though the great stone rocked it did not lug as lightly as it used to.

In Prehistoric Days

It is nevertheless a great marvel to us, and we are glad to have such a natural curiosity safe from future meddling; and, what is more, this grand and wild area safe from meddling of another kind: the building of teashops, for instance.

The cape, called Treen Castle, on which it stands is of great interest apart from the Logan Rock. It is one of the fortified rocky promontories, called castles, that once served as shelter for the primitive people of Cornwall in prehistoric days.

For eight centuries it has been the property of the Vyvyan family, and the owner, Colonel Sir Courtenay Vyvyan, has given it to the nation, through the National Trust, on condition it should never be built on or interfered with.

PITBOY THOMAS AND HIS PONY

The C.N. congratulates Pitboy Thomas of Merthyr Vale on his gold medal. It has been awarded him by the National Horse Association for a brave and unselfish action.

A pit roof collapsed and fell upon the pony, but while it was still falling Thomas got on the pony's neck and released the collar. If he had not thought of doing this, and if he had not acted quickly, the pony would have been suffocated by the pressure of the collar.

It is sad to think that there are ponies working in the mines, but good to think that among their masters there is such a boy as Pitboy Thomas of Merthyr Vale.

SURREY'S GREAT CROSS

Birthplace of a Cathedral
THE SPIRIT OF A GREAT
THING BEING DONE

A new landmark has appeared on Stag Hill near Guildford, a symbol of hope that a great dream may come true during our generation.

On the site of Guildford's proposed new cathedral a wooden cross, 35 feet high, has been set up. It is made of teak from the timbers of the Ganges, the famous old battleship, and has been dedicated by the Bishop of Guildford.

On this splendid site, commanding a view over miles of glorious countryside, it stands as a reminder to the people of Surrey of the glory that may be theirs if they will only support the scheme by giving donations, even if these are sent at the cost of a sacrifice.

Faith and the Mountain

Times are hard, as everybody knows too well, but it is often when things are at their worst that the most impossible schemes are attempted. Even now the Mayor of Guildford is showing what can be done by faith and courage in overcoming that mountain of difficulty which we call the unemployment problem.

Stark and austere, this great cross stands as a challenge to those people in the county who would throw cold water on the plan to build a cathedral which would bring employment as well as other blessings to the community.

It is a delightful idea that the old timbers of the Ganges, which have been through so many adventures on the high seas and borne untold buffetings by wind and waves, should be put to such good use in the service of peace instead of war.

Enterprise and Courage

If this great church is built Surrey will be, we imagine, the seventeenth English county to have its cathedral. The great teak cross, which is five feet higher than the celebrated cross dividing the chancel from the nave in Westminster Cathedral, was made at Deptford, and only with much difficulty was it hauled by huge cranes from the dockyard and brought to its present site, which was given by Lord Onslow. We hope the day is not far off when a mighty building will rise on this Surrey hilltop, a landmark for miles round.

Liverpool is building two cathedrals, London is finishing one; we congratulate Guildford on its noble enterprise and a courage all too rare in these times.

Picture on page 3

THINGS SAID

Stag-hunting is losing ground.

League for Prohibition of Cruel Sports

Dictatorship at its best is a gamble, at its worst a catastrophe. Dr G. P. Gooch

If professional running is not the dirtiest sport in England, it is only because professional cycling is worse.

Canon Peter Green

The assets of England are not silver and gold, properties, stocks, or shares, but the inherited genius of its people.

Mr Trevor Handley

Counting sheep is all very well as a remedy for sleeplessness, but I say Buy Hansard and hear them bleat.

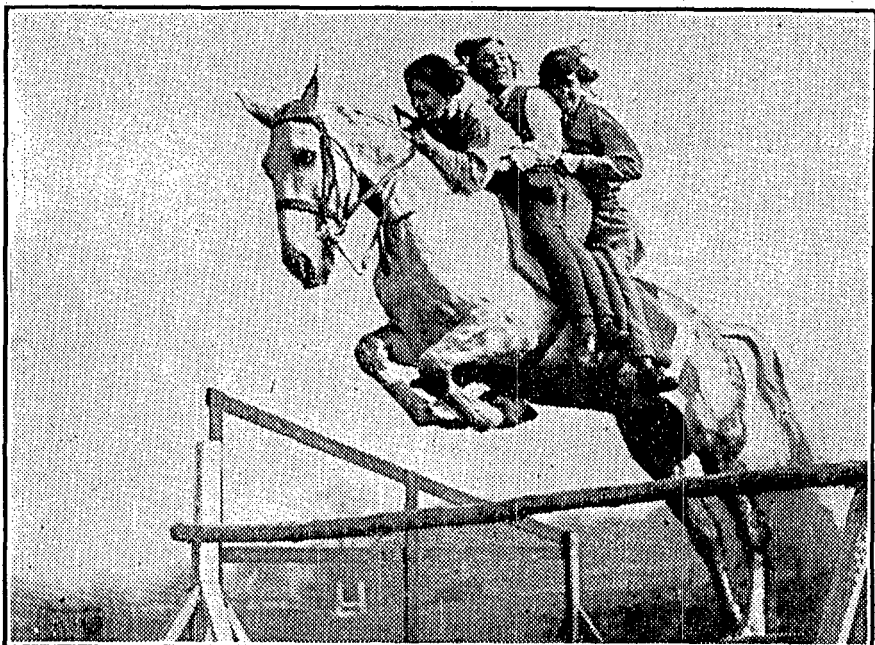
Mr H. Phillips

The scrapping of 1000 guns and a few hundred bombing planes would spread a greater sense of security than any number of promises of peace.

Colonel John Brown

There is one thing greater than a Great War Prime Minister—a Prime Minister of Peace, and the post is vacant. Principal Thomas Phillips

TREVITHICK EXHIBITION · FISHING FLEET SETS OUT · A GREAT CROSS



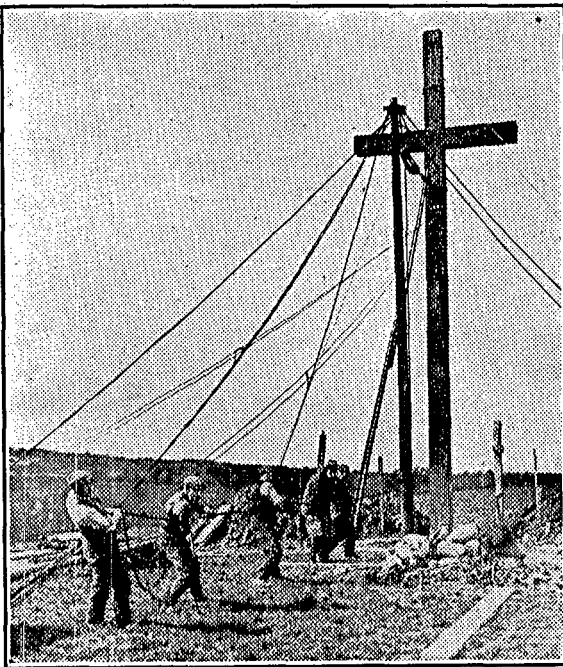
The Hurdlers—Here are two ways of clearing a hurdle. On the left a London girl athlete is training at Charlton under the critical eyes of her friends, and on the right three girls on one horse are jumping at a riding school at Burbage in Wiltshire.



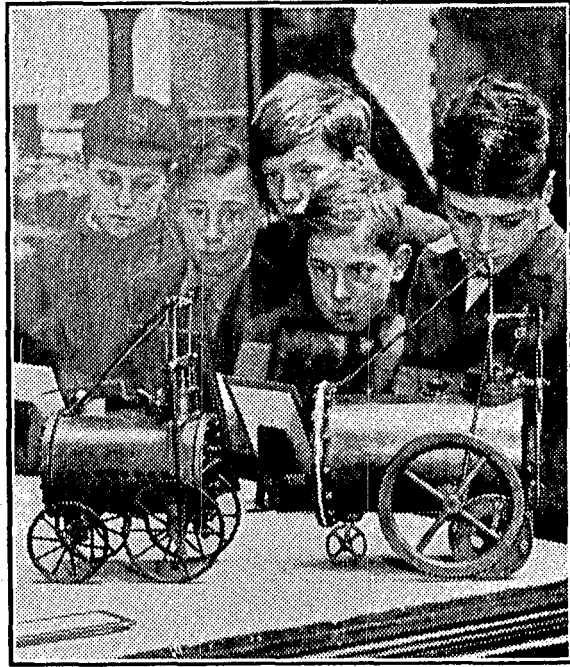
Off to the Fishing Grounds—A little fleet of fishing trawlers makes a striking spectacle as the vessels are towed out of Lowestoft Harbour with all sails set ready for a favourable wind.



School's Bayeux Tapestry—To decorate their gallery the boys of Eastbourne College are painting a reproduction of the famous Bayeux Tapestry which is preserved at Bayeux in France. A section of their work is shown here.



Surrey's Great Cross—This cross has been set up on Stag Hill near Guildford on the site of the proposed cathedral. It is made of teak from the old ship Ganges. See page 2.



Trevithick Centenary—To mark the centenary of the death of Richard Trevithick on April 22, 1833, an exhibition is being held at the Science Museum, South Kensington. The model locomotive on the right was made by Trevithick in 1798.

THE HARMLESS SHAG AND THE GREEDY CORMORANT

Some Striking Facts About Them For Our Fishermen LOOKING INTO THEIR WAYS

By a Laboratory Correspondent

We called attention some time ago to the investigation at the Plymouth Marine Laboratory into the feeding of shags and cormorants.

A final report now shows that, while shags are harmless to food fishes, the cormorant devours a large number.

Special efforts were made to obtain birds feeding in the estuaries and tidal rivers where flat-fishes abound, and where shags and cormorants were said to be feeding on them. The results showed that whereas the stomachs of the cormorants often contained flat and other commercial fishes making up about 50 per cent of their food, there were only isolated cases of flat-fishes inside the shags and a proportion of other marketable fishes so small that it may be said to be negligible.

Habits of the Two Sea-Birds

The cormorant frequents harbours and river estuaries, even sometimes penetrating far inland near lakes and reservoirs, and only occasionally feeding on the sea coast; but the shag is a true sea-bird and lives on the rocky coasts, only coming into harbours and estuaries when driven in by storms.

The recognisable food in 188 shags consisted almost entirely of fishes, with a few crustaceans; 96 had been feeding on sand-eels, while 69 had nothing else inside. The bulk of the other fishes taken were non-marketable, although in winter small sprats, herrings, or pilchards were taken, and in seven cases anchovies; also a few bib, pollack, and ling. Only five birds had eaten flat-fishes and only in small numbers.

Even in those driven into estuaries by storms, of 11 examined only three contained a few small flat-fishes. A shag and a cormorant were shot while feeding together. The shag contained 35 gobies, the cormorant 26 gobies and 15 flat-fishes.

Of 29 cormorants, 27 contained recognisable food, 16 from estuaries, 14 of which had eaten flat-fishes. When feeding in estuaries and harbours, which are their normal hunting-grounds, they eat flat-fishes; when feeding at sea occasionally they eat the same kind of food as the shag, except sand-eels.

More Shags Than Cormorants

A member of the Bird-Watching and Preservation Society states that between Plymouth and Start Point there are about ten times as many shags as cormorants. It is probable that there are even fewer cormorants in Cornwall, and in the whole county (excluding the Scilly Isles) there are probably not more than 1000 cormorants compared with from 10 to 13 thousand shags.

The cormorant is a much larger bird than the shag, with bronze or brown and black plumage and a good deal of white at the sides of its head and chin, especially in the breeding season, when it also has a large white patch on the thigh. The shag has much less white on the head and none on the thigh, and its plumage is a glossy greenish black.

The cormorant swims with its bill pointed upward, and when diving usually submerges its head and glides under water, while the shag often springs quite clear of the water.

It is stated that about twenty million pounds was spent on wireless sets last year in this country.

The Great Western Railway has started a daily air service between Cardiff and Torquay and Teignmouth.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS FOR THE POOR

From Our Poland Correspondent

A group of Polish artists had a very good idea.

They decided to organise an art exhibition for those people who never get a chance to see a good picture or a piece of sculpture, because they live where art galleries do not exist.

They collected a number of real works of art (pictures, etchings, sculptures, decorations) and opened the exhibition in the farthest corner of a Warsaw suburb. The result was astonishing. Crowds of poor people flocked to the place; charwomen, street hawkers, slum children, all came to see the beautiful things with great appreciation. Some people even think that this kind of public values an exhibition much more and behaves in it with more reverence than many well-to-dos in big galleries.

The exhibition moved after a few weeks from the suburbs of Warsaw to small provincial towns, and everywhere it met with the same success.

Over 31,000 people have already visited it, and thousands are still waiting for the opportunity.

It is a very hopeful sign that the human heart does crave for beauty, and that even ugly surroundings cannot kill that craving.

THE APES OF GIBRALTAR

If the two baby apes on Gibraltar knew how much they are being talked about they would make up their minds to be happy and contented and do as they are told. They are lucky babies, born on Spring Day, and they should do very well up on that sunbeaten Rock.

There is a curious legend among the older dwellers on the promontory that as long as apes live on Gibraltar the British flag will fly there. The ten apes of Gibraltar (there are now ten with the two newcomers) are part of the personnel of the garrison. They have a gentleman to look after them who holds the title of Officer in Charge of the Apes.

They are not altogether beloved of the residents, for they are exceedingly learned in the ways of doing mischief and worrying peaceful citizens. They are privileged, and they know it. No other wild monkeys are to be found in Europe. On this ground alone it would be a pity for them to die out. In a world given over so largely to rush and noise and mechanical contrivances, it is pleasant to think of these, the descendants of the oldest inhabitants of the Rock, living unbustled, unchanged, tranquil, and happy.

TASMANIA'S G.O.M.

A clergyman living in Tasmania has celebrated his 104th birthday.

He is the Reverend C. F. L'Oste, who was born in England in 1829 and went to Australia in 1861. There are one or two things about him which are rather remarkable.

One is that he has never been ill or even had a headache. Another is that he can still recite from memory all the 38 Odes of the first book of Horace, and a good deal of Virgil! He spends most of his time in reading, receiving his many friends, and walking. He takes a keen interest in local affairs, and exercises a gracious influence on people he meets.

He lives in a house with a lovely garden, at St Helen's in Tasmania, where he was for many years rector. He is the Grand Old Man of Tasmania.

A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO BEGIN

Horschel in Germany stands in a bower of fruit trees. It is its proud boast that it owns more fruit trees than any other similar-sized town in Germany.

Horschel may well be proud, for this has come about through its own wisdom and foresight. A byelaw provides that every married couple shall mark their wedding by planting two fruit trees for the town.

A POET THE WORLD PASSED BY

Last Poems of Ronald Campbell Macfie. Humphrey Toulmin. 3s 6d.

The Faiths and Heresies of a Poet and Scientist. By Ronald Campbell Macfie. Williams and Norgate. 7s 6d.

These two books are the last testament of a true poet and sincere scientist, the poems written during the last two or three years of his life, the prose during the last few months. Both books have been published since his death by friends who admired and loved him.

We have already paid tribute to Ronald Campbell Macfie, one of the fine poets of our time not truly appreciated by the world. The charming small book of his last poems opens with one that might well stand as his epitaph.

Lay on his coffin a sword
Shining and supple and sharp;
For he battled against the foes of the Lord
With the lyric swords of his harp.

In the gloom of the grave let it gleam
Like a cross of welded stars
As he lies in his last long dream
Forgetting his wounds and scars.

Nay, break it, and break it in twain
So it will serve as a token
Of Hope and Beauty and Courage slain,
And a brave heart broken.

During four or five years Dr Macfie wrote many scientific articles for the Editor of the C.N., and for part of that time he was a member of our staff, working in the office. All who knew him intimately, his boundless idealism, his generosity of mind and heart, his utter sincerity, his sensitive humanity, his rare intellectual power, and his industry in research, admired and loved him, and will welcome these books as a means of making him better known to a world that never knew his full value.

Following the Gleam

Ronald Macfie was essentially a poet. To him the poetry in him was a sacred trust, to which he must be faithful against all allurements. He was a scientist, too, with a remarkable breadth of outlook, and he was a clever medical doctor; but scientific knowledge and medical practice and aptitude as a popular writer were snares to him if they so absorbed him that they weakened his supreme purpose in life.

So from time to time he put these routine duties aside, and followed the gleam of what he regarded as his destiny. He wandered in many lands. His friends did not know where to find him. He kept touch with them, for he was a most delightful friend, but they could not as easily reach him with a reply.

He published from time to time a book of verse, and there is a Collected Edition of his poems (published by Humphrey Toulmin); but popular appreciation was not won, though critics of high distinction recognised in him the authentic note of the true poet. Though Macfie is charming as a lyrical poet, his longer works grapple with great and serious themes. This generation is not ready for true poets, but their time will come, and his time will come.

A Moving Testament

The Faiths and Heresies of a Poet, a prose compendium of a poet's most serious thoughts on man and God, is not a suitable book to be analysed here. It is travel in the region of philosophy, beyond the range of a youthful mind, but we direct to it the attention of our older readers. The tone of the book is well indicated, we notice, in a review in The Times Literary Supplement, which says: "The book is a moving testament of a poet whose life was one of suffering, conflict, and disappointment, but one who, if he found modern civilisation a waste land, would not yet turn back and call on the old gods to save him, but died with his eyes looking toward a better life on Earth and a fuller revelation of God."

With that estimate of our friend we agree, confident that this poet the world passed by will yet come into his own.

THE HEROIC PARSON OF WINTERTON

HIS LIFE FOR A BOY'S

Keeping a Brave Name Green in a Norfolk Village

MEMORIAL IN FISHERMEN'S CORNER

It is good to learn that a tablet subscribed for by the villagers of Winterton in Norfolk has just been placed in the church in memory of their brave parson, Clarence Porter, who lost his life last summer in rescuing one of his choirboys from drowning.

The parson had been teaching the village boys to swim. They were chatting gaily on the beach after their bathe when one of the boys rushed up to Mr Porter and pointed to a boy who had been caught in a treacherous hole in the sea. In a moment the rector was at the boy's side, bringing him safely to shore. But the sudden shock for the rescuer proved too much for his heart. He sank back into the water and when the boys dragged him out he was dead.

We are very glad that the memorial tablet, with a picture on it of St Nicholas, the patron saint of fishermen and children, has been placed next to the Fishermen's Corner. This is a wonderful and unique memorial, planned by Mr Porter himself, in honour of the Winterton fishermen who have lost their lives at sea since the war.

The Fishermen's Roll of Honour

The tall crucifix has been made from ship's timbers, and there are worn anchors at the foot. Ship's iron and rope form the railings and the curtain at the back is a fishing net. A starboard lantern is on the window-sill and near it hangs the flag given by the master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, the Prince of Wales. In the evening the Fishermen's Corner is lit by a hanging lamp shaped like a ship. There are six names on the fishermen's roll of honour, three of them boys of twenty.

The village story is a tragic one. Daniel Defoe describes a shipping disaster off Winterton Ness in which 200 colliers from Yarmouth, a fleet of ships from the North, and vessels from Lynn and Wells on their way to Holland, were involved. Two hundred ships were lost and more than 1000 lives. In the last 74 years Winterton lifeboatmen have saved 488 lives.

The brave rector nobly kept up the tradition built up by the courageous folk of this little village, and his spirit lives for ever in the hearts of his friends.

ARTHUR MEE'S CHILDREN'S SHAKESPEARE

Readers who have registered for Arthur Mee's Children's Shakespeare are reminded that the Gift Token Number 12 which appears on the back page this week is the last.

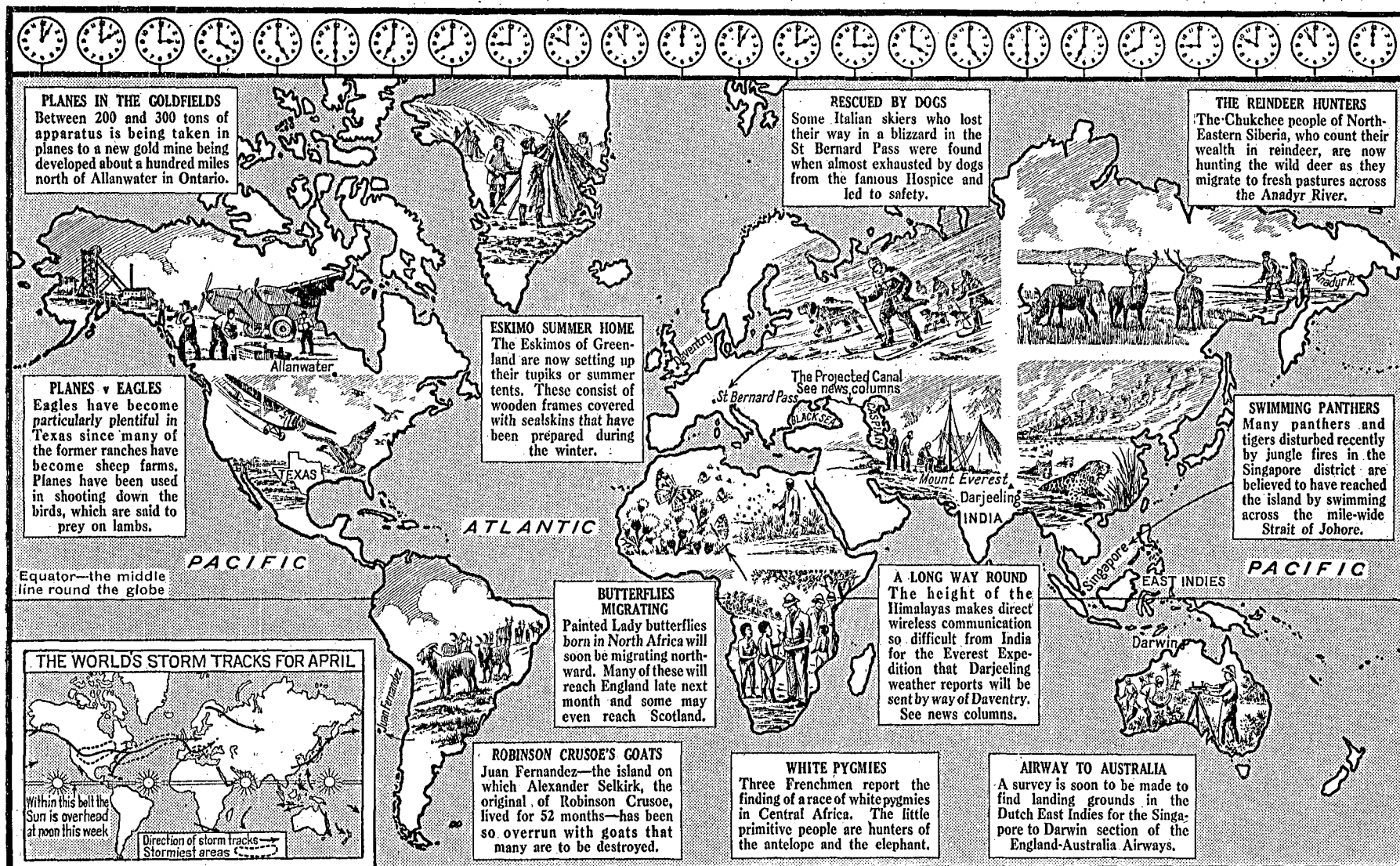
It enables the Gift Voucher to be completed and this should be sent without delay with a postal order for 2s 11d for the Standard Edition, or 4s 6d for the beautiful De Luxe Edition, to Children's Newspaper Book Department (G.P.O. Box 184a), Cobb's Court, Broadway, London, E.C.4.

The Postal Order should be crossed & Co. and made payable to Children's Newspaper. It should be enclosed with the voucher in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

FIVE HALF CENTURIES IN THE VILLAGE CHOIR

The Rev A. S. Harnby, Vicar of the Church of All Saints, Kirby Moorside, North Yorkshire, referred to the proud record of his church in having, as members of the choir, five choirmen with over fifty years of unbroken service each. Their names are J. Rickaby, A. Wood, J. Anderson, J. Sturdy, and H. Rutter. As far as we can learn no church in the land can beat that record.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



JONATHAN DENWOOD The Success That Came Too Late

A very strange character has died at Cuckermouth.

He was Jonathan Denwood, who began life as a butcher's boy. Afterwards he was apprenticed to a tailor, and then he emigrated to America. He came back to Cuckermouth, and for 40 years lived in a little cottage on a hill, making clothes for farm workers. Sometimes he tramped 30 miles in a day measuring his customers.

But at night—ah! that was another story. He knew as much about the poacher's art as any man who has ever lived. They never went hungry in the poor tailor's cottage.

You cannot go poaching every night in the year, so the journeyman tailor filled in his spare time by writing a novel. It was called Red Ike, and was all about a poacher. Several of his neighbours read the story, and then it came into the hands of Mr Fowler Wright, who said it ought to be published.

For two years it was "kicked about from publisher to publisher," but when it did appear 30,000 copies were sold in a month. "Success is ashes in the mouth," wrote Jonathan Denwood.

For two years he had been in desperate need of money. Hitherto he had not needed money, because a poacher can always get food. But now instead of food he needed skilled medical care to arrest the malady that was crippling him. When the money came it was too late.

He has died at 63. Although success came too late to save his health it must at least have sweetened the end of this strange Cumberland character.

About 25 million gallons of motor-spirit was obtained from British coal last year.

The British gas industry carbonises 18 million tons of coal a year and keeps 70,000 miners at work.

OUR POPULATION Astonishing Result of the World Crisis

Of the many symptoms which mark the world financial crisis none is more remarkable than the fact that in the last two years the United Kingdom has received far more migrants than it has sent abroad.

Last year the number of British emigrants who left the United Kingdom to take up permanent residence abroad was only 27,000. The number of immigrants (migrants coming in), however, was 75,000.

It is also notable that among the immigrants was a very large number of persons over thirty, these accounting for over half the total.

A NEW ELEMENT

Another of the missing Elements has been found.

It is Number 61 in the atomic chain in which scientists classify these simplest substances. The discovery was announced at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, which resolved to purchase four tons of the material in which it lies in order that M. Pierre Curie and M. Takvorian, its discoverers, may carry on their work of isolating this new Element from it.

The Curie family holds a high place in the ranks of scientific discoverers, the elder Curies having, of course, discovered radium.

A FLIGHT OF CAPTIVE LOCUSTS

An Imperial Airways liner has brought four crates of live locusts to Croydon from the Government of Kenya.

They are to be used in research work, for British scientists are trying hard to combat the locust scourge in Africa. Terrible damage is done to crops and fruit every year by these swarming pests.

RADIO ON EVEREST Weather Reports For the Climbers

A British firm of radio manufacturers has constructed a special set which has been sent out to India to assist the Mount Everest Expedition in their difficult climb.

The set is packed in two boxes each weighing 40 pounds and will be carried by porters to a height of 23,000 feet. The purpose of this is to keep the climbers informed about the weather conditions in the regions through which they are passing. At Darjeeling a special weather expert will watch conditions and transmit the news to Daventry, and Daventry in its turn will pass the information on to the receiver at the base camp at this height of 23,000 feet.

The receiver will then, by means of special lamps, give the signal to the climbers. It seems strange that the reporter of the weather cannot get into direct touch with his colleague higher up, who is only a few miles away from him, but has to communicate with him through a distance of nearly 15,000 miles.

See World Map

GREAT CANAL IDEA Caspian To the Black Sea

The Russians are planning to add another great canal to the world's waterways.

If we look at the map we see that a considerable distance separates the Black Sea from the Caspian, and it would obviously be a great achievement to link these by a waterway. The Russian Government has appointed an expert committee to study the matter.

If this project comes to fruition the Black Sea-Caspian Canal will rank among the greatest in the world. It will be nearly 400 miles long and will run from a point a little south of Astrakhan on the Caspian to Rostov on the Black Sea.

LETTUCE NEWS Quality, Packing, and Price ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF OUR TIME

Several readers have been kind enough to write us about the price of lettuces.

It is clear from the information to hand that the price secured by the grower at Covent Garden varies enormously. One correspondent says he has known it to range from 2s to as much as 9s 6d a crate of 24. Everything, he says, depends on the condition and quality of the lettuces and the manner of packing.

Great importance is attached to packing, because the Continental lettuces sent to the English market are very carefully graded and packed.

When every allowance is made for these factors it is perfectly clear that there is no justification for the wide margin between the average price obtained by a grower and the price paid by the consumer.

Another point of the greatest importance is that the law of supply and demand is terrible for producers of food. The reason for this is clear. Food rapidly perishes and has to be promptly marketed. If a lot of good produce comes to market at once a bad price is obtained, however fine the quality. On the other hand, in times of scarcity poor produce fetches a better price. Unfortunately there are even times when plums, for example, have to rot because there are so many of them that it does not pay to bring them to market. The same, of course, is true of coffee, and sometimes of fish.

It follows that our civilisation has not yet contrived such methods of exchange as shall do justice to producers and consumers. Indeed, that is one of the great problems of our time.

Kent has 4400 miles of roads, and last year nearly 120,000 tons of stone were used in keeping them in condition.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 22

1933

The Bitter Truth About Flying

ONE of the gravest questions before the world is the future of flying, for it has within it the possibility of turning every peaceful street into a battlefield and every quiet home into a place of great anxiety.

Once more we have been brought face to face with this question by the terrible calamities that have befallen a great airship and a great aeroplane.

The British aeroplane came down in flames and 15 people perished. The American airship, the largest in the world, fell into the Atlantic in a thunderstorm with the loss of 74 lives.

It is a heartbreaking comment on what we count Progress. Man can do wonderful things; but again and again he is pulled up with the question of what is worth while.

We made the biggest ship that ever sailed the seas, and it crossed the Atlantic and struck an iceberg; and the Titanic was lost with 1500 lives. We built our greatest airship and it set out on its maiden voyage to India, but it fell in flames with 48 lives lost. America built an airship greater still, and it crashed with 74 lives.

It is right, when the world is confronted with calamities such as these, that we should ask if the time is not come to consider the way we go. We have abandoned the airship because we have satisfied ourselves that its invention is not justified, that it is not worth the price we have to pay in life and in anxiety. We do not believe that a humane people like the Americans will ever again build these death-traps.

One thing should be faced at once by the peoples of all nations. This business of flying is kept going by subsidies from Governments. However wonderful the development of flying has been, all the so-called commercial transport air companies would close their doors tomorrow if Governments did not subsidise them.

Why is it that the Governments subsidise flying machines? They do so for one reason only: it is that *by the policy of subsidising aircraft they prepare for war.*

It is because of this subsidising that the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference are confronted with the great problem of what is called civil flying.

The very problem that is disturbing them, which they seem unable to solve, is a problem they are themselves creating.

If the subsidies were ended the problem would end, for there would be no menace of commercial machines adaptable as war weapons and supporting a great trade of war.

If we want Peace, let us cease preparing for war.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Mother of the C.N.

IT is about a year since we noted here that 250 million pages of the Children's Encyclopedia were being printed, one of the biggest printing orders ever given for anything, and certainly the biggest ever given for a children's book, since printing began.

Those pages are now being read in all parts of the world, and today 370 million new pages are being printed on 700 tons of paper.

The mother of the C.N. has long been the most widely-circulated encyclopedia in the world, but these figures are astonishing to all those who understand them.

The King Has a Day Out

ELABORATELY beautiful barges are things of the past. Now they carry coal or sand up and down the Thames, dark and heavily moving craft. Even the words to "barge in" or to "barge against" mean a clumsy way of moving.

But long ago a barge could be a royal means of travel. Here is a small paragraph we found in the English Chronicle or Universal Evening Post of the year 1789:

Before ten this morning, his Majesty and the three Princesses, with their train of nobility, embarked in their several barges to take an excursion on the water. The day was lovely beyond conception, which induced the King to go without the Bill of Portland, which is three leagues at least from Weymouth Pier. They were four hours on the water, and seemed much pleased with the diversion.

So the great enjoyed themselves in the days before the coming of railway trains and motor-cars and cinemas.

The Government and the Idle Men

EVEN a Prime Minister (even Mr Ramsay MacDonald) may be caught napping when and where he should be wide awake.

The idea that a Government can solve unemployment by spending a few hundred millions is a fatal illusion, he says; and we agree.

But the idea that the Government can help by allowing local authorities to solve it is not by any means an illusion. What is asked of our Government is that it should allow the people of our towns to do together what many of them do individually. The best way of helping is for every man to employ a man, and thousands are employing men. What the Government is doing, by holding up building schemes, is to *prevent the citizens of a town joining together to employ men.*

A Mother's Morning Prayer

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise Thee
Wheresoe'er they go.

Black and White Street

How many people, we wonder, have noticed how well the new Fleet Street is beginning?

It has been called the Street of Ink, but to the eye it is the Street of Black and White.

It began with the splendid offices set up by Sir Ernest Benn, who started the rebuilding of Fleet Street with the great white block which has the four green trees. It was carried on by Lord Camrose, who set up the magnificent white block of the Daily Telegraph offices, with a green lawn running along the balcony. Now beyond these white masses rises the glass house of Lord Beaverbrook, a great black mass like nothing else in London—(happily).

They are the three great blocks that give the keynote of the street, and they are as they should be, black and white.

Tip-Cat

SOME modern artists are simply out to cause sensation. Only want to draw attention.

SLAPPING the face is good for the skin. But it must be a bit rough.

EDUCATION pays everybody—except the educators.

ALL amateur actors long to appear in the real theatre. But they don't all reach that stage.

A TRAWLER captain is training to be a singer. Thinks it will improve his net profits.



If we should not end the Depression with Good Buys

YOUNG people stop at nothing nowadays, says a writer. Only teashops.

FARMERS can't grumble at the weather

we have had recently, says a writer. He doesn't know farmers.

MANY people have a set expression when telephoning. If they get the wrong number it is upset.

FASHIONABLE women, says a writer, are all in favour of parasols. Carried unanimously.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NEARLY £100,000 was raised by broadcast appeals last year.

AN English girl has insisted on going with her husband who has been taken to a leper colony.

JUST AN IDEA

A hill is very steep as we look at it, but, being climbed, seems less than half as steep.

A Glimpse of Ranji

By Our Town Girl

ONCE in the sunlight of an Indian day we were presented to Ranji. He was among a distinguished company, and he was not called Ranji to us; he was the Jam Sahib, the Maharaja of Nawanagar, a benevolent-looking, courteous, stately gentleman, and a grand ruler.

That day he was in European clothes with an Indian turban—typical of his life, it seemed to us, especially as in some indefinable way he had a certain English appearance about him.

A band was playing, and a gay throng was passing and re-passing. Bright flowers crowded in beds among green turf. C. B. Fry was there (it was he who introduced us) and these two walked together.

Suddenly, as we saw them, India seemed to fade. Instead of India we saw a stretch of emerald green and an English crowd. White letters were moving against a high blackboard, men in flannels were batting and running, and English voices were cheering and cheering again. . . . Where they, too, thinking of these things?

Time passes, and all changes; the young cricketers come, the older ones retire, but neither England nor India has forgotten. We saw the Indians crowd about C. B. Fry out there to beg for his autograph.

Ranji passes; but when cricket memories revive the sunshine of England and India will always be blended together in our hearts.

The Common Ways

I may not climb the heights which saints
Of great renown have trod;
My path is where the fields are green
And lambs are fed by God.

I may not watch God's lightning flash
On Horeb's proudest peak;
But of God's presence in the fields
The daisies clearly speak.

I may not on Mount Carmel stand
And call down fire divine;
But I may heal a broken heart
And make a sad face shine.

I may not on the sacred Mount
See Christ transfigured stand;
But I may find Him with the sick
In my own native land.

I need not climb the mountain heights
Which are so far away,
For God is nearer than the words
That in my prayers I say.

Thomas Tiplady's Hymn for the
Kinema Church, Lambeth

A Traveller's Prayer on the Ocean

O Eternal Lord God, who alone
spreadest out the heavens and rulest
the raging of the sea; who hast compassed
the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end, be
pleased to receive into Thy almighty
and most gracious protection Thy
servants and the ship in which we sail.

Preserve us from the dangers of the
sea, that we may reach in safety the
land to which we go, and, with a
thankful remembrance of Thy mercies,
may praise and glorify Thy Holy
Name, through Jesus Christ our
Lord. Amen

OVER THE TOP OF THE WORLD

FOUR MEN LOOK DOWN ON EVEREST

One of the Latest Triumphs of
Exploring Man

BIG NEW CHAPTER OF FLIGHT

In one of the most astonishing journeys in the clouds four men have looked down on the highest point in the world, the peak of Everest.

Close-up photographs have been taken of the mountain-top, and at long last its secrets have been revealed.

More than this has been achieved, far more. In the accomplishment of this greatest photographic feat in history the spirit of man has dared and mastered difficulties inconceivable by most ordinary mortals.

The Men in the Machines

It may be said that it is the advance of scientific knowledge, with the perfection of the aeroplane and its engine, of the electrical devices, and of the oxygen breathing apparatus, which has enabled the mountain to be flown; yet, given all these material advantages, the great deed is due to the essentially moral qualities of the men in the machines.

Forethought, concentrated study of every detail, hard, long-sustained practice, and, above all, supreme courage and determination, are the human factors which stand out in all adventures of this immensity.

Greatest Temple of the Winds

The four heroes of the flight were Lord Clydesdale and Colonel Blacker in the Houston-Westland machine, and Lieutenant McIntyre and Mr S. R. Bonnett in the Westland-Wallace. Their flight lasted about three hours and covered over 300 miles, the highest point reached being 31,000 feet. This is two-thirds of the record height in an aeroplane and is, of course, far below the ten miles reached by Professor Piccard in his airtight cylinder; but the conditions of the three flights cannot be compared, for it is not the height but the abnormal effects great mountain ranges have on the air which create the special difficulty in flying in their neighbourhood.

Mountain ranges are veritable temples of the winds, and the Himalayas are the greatest temple of them all. A wind velocity of 100 miles an hour, hurricane force, is a common occurrence round this roof of the world, and every cleft and valley in the area causes terrific up-draughts and down-draughts.

A Beautiful Phenomenon

The expedition had to wait and watch for a comparatively still day, testing the upper air with balloons and every device known to meteorology. On the morning of April 3 it was found that the wind at 33,000 feet had a velocity of 57 miles, a strong enough wind, truly, but the best these eager watchers could hope for. They decided to risk the treacherous gusts which occur on the mountainside even in these conditions, and to set out.

For the first half of the climb a dust haze blotted out the view, but above the haze the flyers had the grandest views it has ever been the lot of mortals to behold. One of the most remarkable sights was the plume of Mount Everest, a beautiful phenomenon caused by the wind driving the snow high into the air off the mountain crest.

The two aeroplanes flew round and round only 100 feet above the summit, Colonel Blacker taking photographs and Mr Bonnett making films until he fell ill owing to an accident to his breathing apparatus.

It must have been an astounding experience. The atmosphere was so clear that they could see as far as the curvature of the Earth would allow. There were great glaciers, precipices

A PRISONER RAISES £250,000

THE Fast which Mr Gandhi took upon himself at the end of September has had a remarkable effect in India.

Though still a prisoner for political reasons, Mr Gandhi has been thinking out ways and means by which he could rouse his people to the sin of keeping millions of people down socially.

For the last few months he has been editing a weekly paper called Harijan, which means Men of God.

From his prison cell Mr Gandhi made an appeal, and in ten days was able to raise £250,000 to be used for this work.

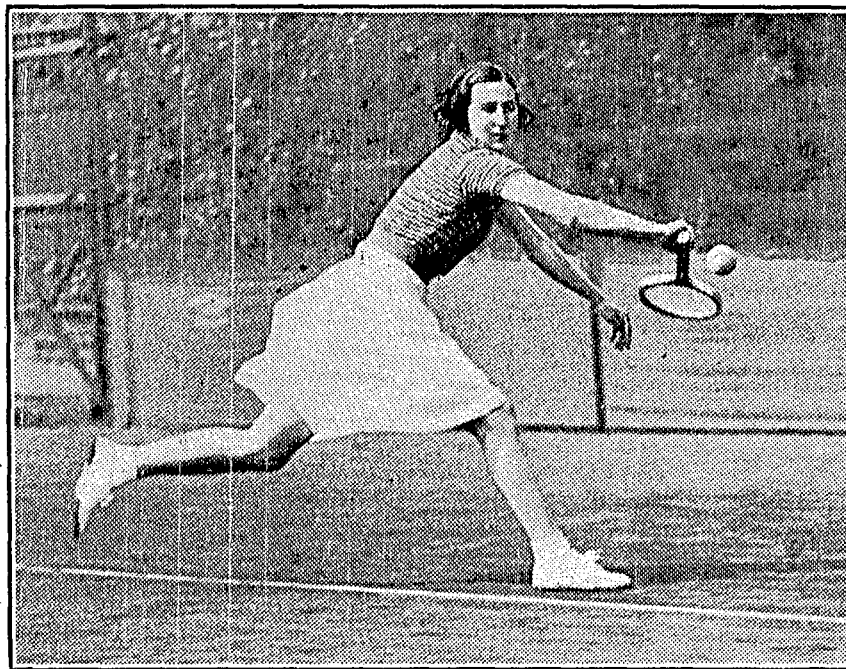
Under the auspices of the Servants of Untouchables Society a fine programme of work has been drawn up. In each locality committees have been appointed to work for the opening of temples and

wells. By means of pamphlets and lectures the higher-caste people are being taught about the sinfulness of the custom of Untouchability. The Untouchables themselves are being asked to give up the observance of caste among themselves and to give up the eating of beef and carrion.

Hostels are being opened for Untouchable boys and students. Free education, books, food, and clothing are being provided. Night schools are being opened.

Technical education is being given and free tools and implements are offered. Cottage industries have been established. Capital is being provided for Cooperative Societies. Health and Temperance programmes are in full swing and housing conditions are under consideration.

SUNNY DAYS ON THE COURTS



A backhand shot by Miss Dorothy Round



The rapidly-increasing popularity of hard courts is making tennis an all-the-year round game, but for most players the season is just about to begin. These pictures were taken at the Hampstead Hard Court Lawn Tennis Club.

Continued from the previous column

with sheer black walls, and an array of snow-clad peaks gleaming in the sun; and so rare was the atmosphere that the observers completely lost all their ability to estimate distance and size.

Gratitude to their comrades down at the aerodrome, and to all those scientists and mechanics who had made the aircraft and its appliances so efficient, was the first thought of the flyers on landing. It was a triumph for everybody concerned, one of the greatest feats of courage, knowledge, and brain-power in the history of the world.

LONDON IS RICHER AND RICHER

The sovereign may decline as a purchaser of goods yet the value of the land and houses in London still rises.

Its gross value is now £84,857,500, an increase of nearly £860,000 since last April; the rateable value shows an increase of £706,433 over that of a year ago.

London has reason to be proud of itself, for it is the energy and good discipline of its citizens which enable it to advance in this way during a period of world depression.

THE RUSSIAN TROUBLE

POLICE METHODS WITH BRITISH SUBJECTS

Conflicting Ideas of Justice in
the Two Countries

SOVIET AND TRADE SECRETS

Our relations with Russia have been seriously affected by the action of the OGPU, as the Secret Political Police of the Russian Government is called, toward the officials of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, who have been making electrical machinery for the new industrial works of the Soviet under the Five-Year Plan.

Their sudden arrest, and the methods adopted by the police in questioning the accused men, caused such anxiety that, apart from any question of possible guilt, the British Ambassador approached the Russian Government, seeking to know the reasons for the way they were treated. It is regrettable that this action and the protests in the newspapers and in Parliament gave the Russian Government the impression that we were trying to interfere with her sovereign rights.

What the White Paper Showed

Our Government published a White Paper so that everyone should know what had passed between the representatives of the two Powers, and the paper showed clearly the gulf between English and Russian ideas of justice.

Apart from this the trading systems of the two countries are antagonistic. Soviet Russia is a national trading entity, so that any action injuring her trade is regarded as injuring the prestige of the State and a form of treason. Every business secret in Russia is a State secret, and any foreigner earning his living in Russia is living under a system with which all his training and practice are at variance.

Another difficulty is that members of the Soviet are fanatical crusaders, confident that they alone have evolved the ideal conditions under which human beings should live, and seeking to convert the world to their point of view.

Appeals to Prejudice

They have peculiar difficulties in their own land owing to the backward condition of their millions, so that they have to secure support and obedience by appeals to prejudice rather than to reason. This perhaps accounts for the dramatically-staged trials of foreigners as enemies of the ideals toward which the Soviet leaders are leading their people.

The attitude taken toward our own country, however, is difficult to understand, for one would have thought the Soviet would have realised that this country places the human right to justice and freedom high above any gains from trade. As a people we would rather give up all the wealth to be won from trade than that any of our people should be harshly treated. In this case it is human sympathy and not national pride that has caused the outcry.

A HOLE IN THE DOLE And How To Stop It

An excellent suggestion has lately been made to help the unemployed to find work.

It is that, instead of having to pay back to the Government a good part of their dole in stamps for answering advertisements for work, all unemployed men, by producing their benefit cards, should be able to get such letters franked, perhaps at the labour exchanges.

It is pathetic to think of the hole such stamps must make in a man's weekly money, and tragic to think of the man who feels sure he could get the job advertised if only he had the price of a stamp.

NOTHING LIKE COTTON Especially With a Brain Behind It

The loom may be working only half-time, but the brain behind it is ticking away, thinking out new materials.

There is the material which looks like leather, but which a cow would probably scorn as a hide. Nevertheless, made by the Besco Company at Rochdale, it is being turned into suitcases, aprons, motor-coats, bags, and satchels, and even has an advantage over real leather in not easily splitting or creasing.

Then there is velura, a luxurious ring velvet made entirely of cotton, but looking rich enough for a coronation robe. And, most interesting of all, there is the Grenfell fabric, an answer to Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who complained at a lecture in Burnley that he could not get suitable cloth for wear in Labrador.

That is the sort of thing which puts a Burnley man on his mettle, and it was not long before Mr Haythornwaite produced a blizzard-proof fabric made of Egyptian cotton. The fabric proved so successful that the new Mount Everest Expedition has tents and clothing made of this Grenfell cloth.

SPAIN ADOPTS HER CATHEDRALS

The magnificent cathedrals and churches of Spain which belonged to the Roman Catholics have now become the property of that nation.

A law has been passed by the Cortes taking over all ecclesiastical property except that of Protestants and other small religious bodies.

It has been estimated that the value of the newly-acquired property amounts to £100,000,000; but it is, of course, quite impossible to think of such masterpieces as Burgos or Seville Cathedral in terms of gold.

The Republic has undertaken the responsibility of keeping these wonderful buildings in repair, no small labour in itself, but one which all lovers of beauty in art and architecture will appreciate.

MANY THANKS TO GEORGE ARLISS

We saw the other day in an American film which has been having a popular run a scene in which some fowls in crates are not too kindly handled on a station platform, and someone sitting next to us had some forcible remarks to make on the subject.

This, happily, seems rather a rare kind of happening in moving-pictures; and it is interesting to hear that George Arliss, the English film actor, is so violently opposed to cruelty to animals in any form that he will not allow animals to appear in his pictures. In a new film of his, called *The Adopted Father*, is a fishing scene. Although the rods are seen to bend under a great weight, the weight is artificial, for he will not have real fishes used.

THE CECIL PRIZE

How many of our student readers intend to compete for the Cecil Peace Prize of £100?

The subject this year is whether the British Empire is in itself a League of Nations. Particulars of the Secretary, Universities Bureau of the British Empire, 88, Gower Street, W.C.2.

It is worth while going in. That hundred pounds would go a long way to pay the costs of six months at Geneva, studying the League at first hand by that blue lake where now and then the loveliest fountain of white spray rises, reminding the hard-headed delegates of the existence of Beauty.

THE SAFETY PATROL 1800 Towns and a Good Idea

In America they have hit on a very good traffic plan. They have organised Schoolboy Safety Patrols in 1800 towns.

In each area a Captain of Patrol is appointed who controls two or more lieutenants and a varying number of patrolmen, all chosen from senior scholars who have the highest qualities of leadership and judgment. The service is voluntary, and has the approval of the parents. Each boy wears a Sam Browne belt, so that police, drivers, and pedestrians can identify him.

The patrols do not direct traffic; they direct children. They are at their posts 10 to 15 minutes before schooltime, and remain till the last bell. They leave their classes just before dismissal, and see every child clear of the neighbourhood. Given responsibility just at the right time, they develop a high sense of duty and a surprising amount of clear judgment and prompt action in time of crisis. The plan is highly successful, for deaths in the streets have become very few among schoolchildren. In one eastern city there has been no fatality since 1928.

Sir Malcolm Campbell is going to try to organise something like this in England, and is asking for help from everybody. It is time, for we read of many sad cases. Only the other day a father was called to an accident to one of his little ones, while another was lying killed in the road not far away.

A SHIP'S ENGINE FOR A BUS

The experiment of a Nottinghamshire bus proprietor in fitting a small ship's engine to one of his omnibuses has brought prosperity to a Manchester engineering firm.

Three years ago the first Diesel-engined omnibuses were introduced in Nottinghamshire to herald a revolution in road transport. Today thousands of cheaply-running, oil-engined buses and lorries are being successfully operated.

A Manchester firm embarked on the large-scale production of Diesel engines suitable for road transport and the number of their workers has been doubled. In London 12 buses fitted with Gardner-Diesel engines are being given a trial and British engines are being sent to all parts of the world.

The day may soon come when highly-priced petrol may have to take second place in running the world's engines.

MORE TREES

Is enough being done about forestry in this country? somebody asked after a visit to West Aberdeenshire, where a village long loved in Donside still boasts dreary vistas of land, where only pine and larch and fir stumps mark the sites of the woods that were.

We have taken trouble to find out, and the answer is not quite so bad as we feared. Although there have been great economy cuts in the plans of the Forestry Commission it is hoped that a planting programme of 20,000 acres a year may be kept up; and in the last twelve years 88,985 acres were planted, 7000 of which were conifers and the rest hard woods.

TEN MEN'S WORK FOR FIVE CENTURIES

It has sometimes been said that bleaching is an unhealthy industry.

But there are ten Bolton employees to prove the contrary. Between them by the end of next year they will have worked 500 years in bleach-works, and the Bleachers Association has now presented them with certificates.

May we add our congratulations, especially to Reuben Horrocks, who heads the list with 52 years in one firm?

THE ECHOMETER Sad News For Fishes

Numerous trawler fishermen must have nearly forgotten how to swing the lead in taking soundings, for in the last two years 350 British trawlers have adopted a new device which tells not only the depth of water but whether the sea-bed is hard or soft.

The apparatus is known as the Echometer, and is a product of the Marconi Company. It is extremely simple in operation, for all that is necessary is to press a button and the required information is given almost immediately. But the men of the trawlers are likely to have still more use for the Echometer, there being reason to believe that it will tell the fishermen what kind of fish are to be found near the trawler.

Very useful for the fishermen; very sad for the fishes!

ITALIANS MOVING

Many an Italian is moving house in the new country which Signor Mussolini is building up.

So big a movement has been this transfer of people to districts where they can find work and happiness that a special Commissariat for Internal Migration and Colonisation has been established by the State. The first annual report of this body has just been issued, and its figures throw light on how the problem is being met.

The number who moved from one place to another in 1931 was 313,068, of whom four-fifths were employed in agriculture, the great majority returning home after harvest. The greatest number of emigrants belonged to the Veneta district and Latium absorbed most. Hundreds of families stayed.

The C.N. last year told the story of the new commune settled in the reclaimed wastes of Littoria. Today, a little over three months old, it has a population of 7500.

UP TO 502

Fifteen ratifications of International Labour Conventions were registered at Geneva during March, bringing the total number up to 502.

Of these new fifteen, four come from the Dominican Republic, three from Venezuela, two from South Africa, one from Japan, and the remaining five from European countries, thus showing how widely distributed are the benefits to workers arising out of these international agreements.

Three of the four ratified by the Dominican Republic provide safeguards in the employment of children, two of the Venezuelan ratifications prohibit the night-work of women and young people in industry, while those of Yugoslavia and Japan abolish forced labour.

So this new method of regulating conditions of work and benefiting the life and health of workers is surely, if slowly, coming into fashion.

WHO WAS SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?

Born, Lincolnshire, April 16, 1786.

Died, King William's Land, June 11, 1847.

Franklin discovered the North-West Passage, but died, probably starved to death, in the scene of his triumph. After serving at the Battle of Copenhagen and at Trafalgar and mapping parts of the coast of Australia, he twice commanded Arctic exploring expeditions and received honourable reward for successes gained. For seven years he was governor of Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). On May 19, 1845, he sailed in command of the two Government ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, and never returned.

In the twelve years following his departure 39 relief expeditions were sent out by England and America. The last (one of five despatched by his widow) discovered all that there was to be learned. The party had suffered frightful privations, and had all died.

NO ARTIFICIAL WOOL

Something Too Complex For Imitation

The Director of Research in the Wool Industries points out that no material worth the name of "artificial wool" has been yet invented.

It is certainly very important that the public should realise that wool possesses certain qualities which have not been successfully imitated by artificial means.

All the fibres produced from cellulose which are successfully employed in the making of artificial silk fail as protectors of the human body from cold. That is why artificial silk, unlike real silk, does not warm the body. Both natural silk and natural wool are non-conductors of heat, and therefore make most valuable coverings for the human frame.

Natural wool is an excellent insulator for heat, while it is light, elastic, durable, and strong. It has been, in fact, evolved by Nature to protect animals, and it is so perfect a protector that we cannot value it too highly.

Mr S. G. Barker, the Director of Wool Research, says the internal architecture of real sheep's wool is marvellously beautiful, and too complex for us to build up anew in the present state of knowledge of molecular science.

THE £20,000 CATALOGUE

"Only a catalogue," says the master of the house, and tosses it into the wastepaper basket.

It costs nothing, it travels for a halfpenny, and it is worthless, he would tell you.

But we have just heard of a catalogue which will never be thrown into the wastepaper basket. It will not come through the post for a halfpenny, and those who want a copy must pay 30 guineas for one, or 12 guineas for a less exquisite example. The catalogue will cost £20,000 to produce.

This is the catalogue of Sir Percival David's great collection of pottery and porcelain. It is compiled by Mr R. L. Hobson of the British Museum, who is the greatest authority on Far Eastern art, and it gives a complete history of Chinese ware for 800 years.

The type has been specially designed by Mr Eric Gill. The illustrations are beautiful, and the catalogue is printed on special paper. Every collector of Eastern ware will want a copy.

FIVE GUINEAS FOR A SECOND CHANCE

The Manchester Probation Officer has seldom received a letter he liked better than one sent to him the other day.

It was not just the five guineas tumbling out of it for his Welfare Fund, but the letter itself, for it made the Probation Officer feel that his was the best job in the world when he read:

Here are five guineas for the Probation Social Welfare Fund. My first appearance in a police court might not have been my last had it not been for you.

The Probation Officer remembered the man well, for he had stood godfather to his first child after the man had made good and married.

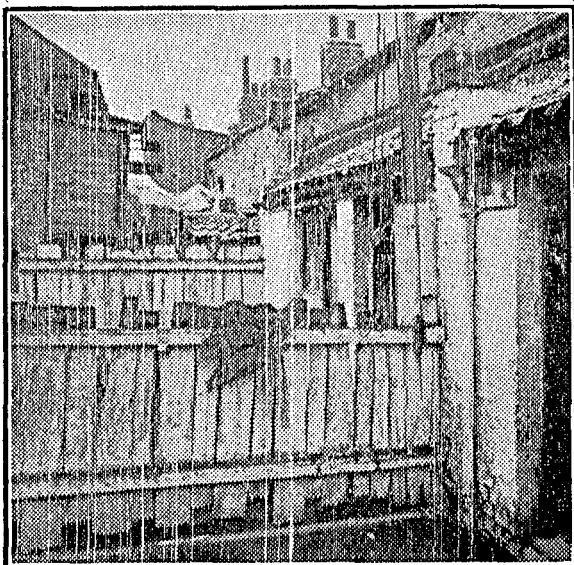
A NEW ACCUMULATOR

A dry accumulator has been invented by a monk in Chile.

The accumulator that is used in a motor-car or wireless set is filled with acid and is apt to leak and cause damage. On the other hand, the dry batteries used for hand torches and high tension in wireless have done an immense amount to popularise electricity.

The monk's battery consists of a zinc box lined with cellulose, and contains a carbon plate coated with activated carbon packed with a zinc salt. No gas is given off in charging the battery, so that it can be sealed up and is thus perfectly "dry."

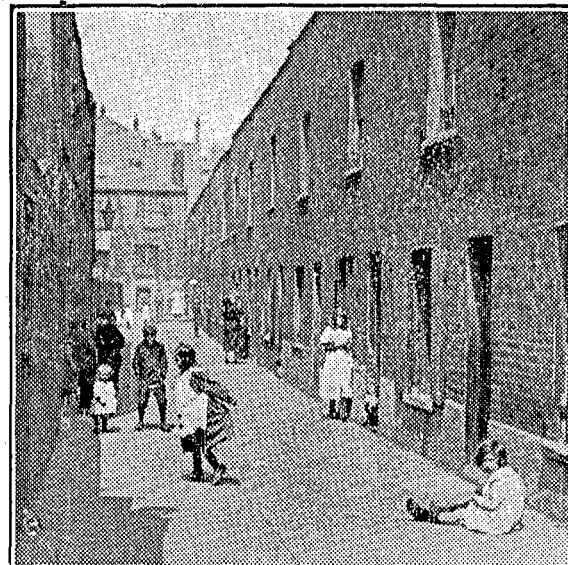
THE SUNLESS LIVES OF MILLIONS OF OUR LITTLE ONES



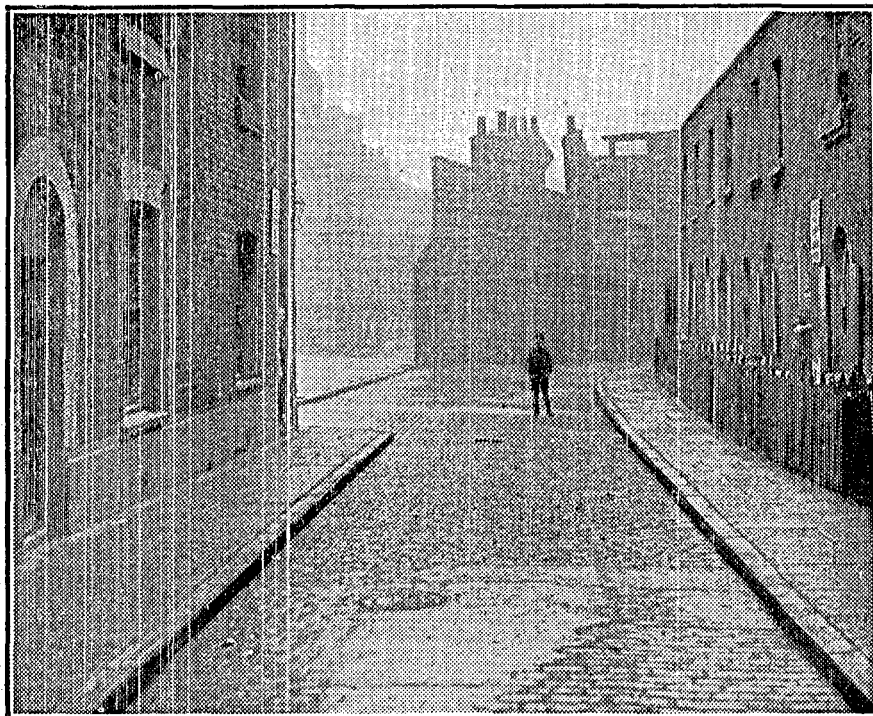
The backyards of the slums



The cheerless street



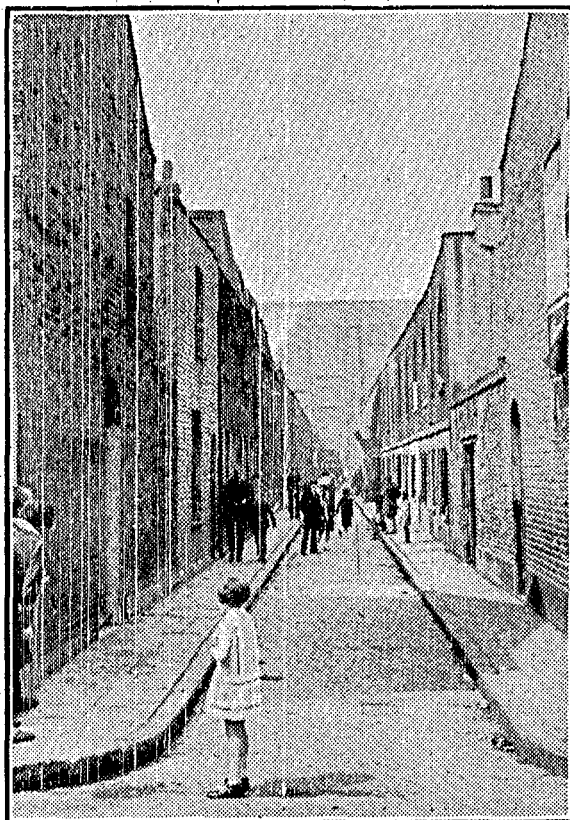
The slum child's playing-ground



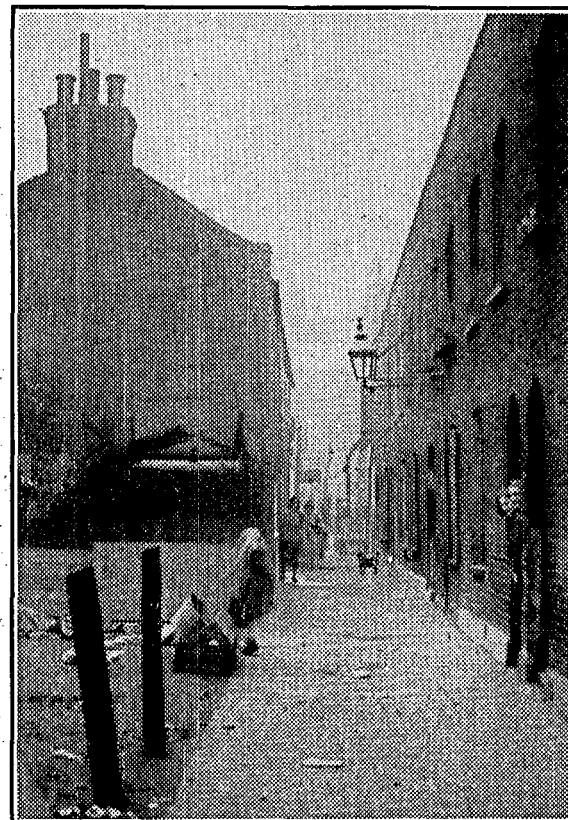
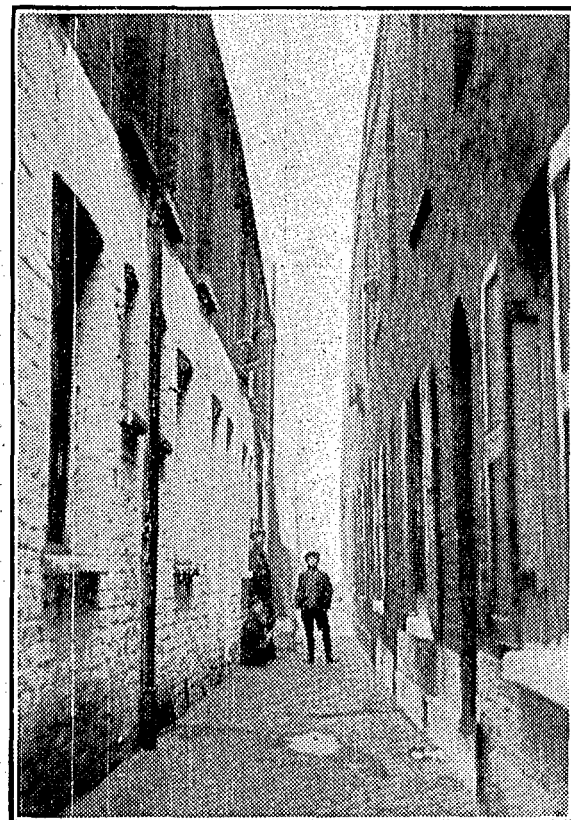
Our towns have thousands of streets like this



"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"



The cheerless streets in which hundreds of thousands of people live from week to week and year to year in homes the Sun can seldom reach



The scandal of scandals for generations has been the refusal of Government after Government to pull down our slums. There are slums hard by the House of Commons. There are slums in the West End of London. There are slums in big towns and in little towns, and even in country villages. At long last the Ministry of Health has directed all Housing Authorities

throughout the country to treat this problem as urgent. These authorities are to survey their slum areas and send schemes to the Minister by September 30. The Government's intention is to establish a Five-Year Plan so that by the end of 1938 all slums will have been swept away. Here is a task in which everyone can help by urging their local Councils to produce adequate programmes.

BEAUTIFUL CHURCHES FALLING INTO DECAY HISTORIC STONES AND TRAGIC MEMORIES

Three Sad Examples of Neglect
in Northamptonshire

A GEM OF 14TH-CENTURY ART

A good friend of the C.N. in Northamptonshire who has been looking at some of the county's magnificent churches sends us these notes on three of them. We print them for the sake of all who love our sacred places.

Northborough Church possesses in the De la Mare Chapel a gem of 14th-century art. Built of wrought stone, it is within and without adorned with exquisite carvings.

Here lie Cromwell's widow and his granddaughter, and in the churchyard sleeps the widow of John Clare.

Recently visiting the village we were grieved to note the slight appreciation that is shown of the beautiful church. The unique chapel is filled by an ugly organ partly covering some of the historic gravestones and hindering any satisfactory view of the perfect grace of the interior.

Historical Memories

Within the church door was a collection, only partly screened by rough boards, of brooms, buckets, wastepaper, jam jars, and dirt; the loving care and reverence due to a church so full of historical, literary, and architectural interest seeming to be entirely missing.

Ashby St Ledgers is full of historical memories linked with the tragic name of Catesby. The gatehouse which is associated with the notorious Gunpowder Plot is still in position before the fine 14th-century manor house.

Calling the other day, we were grieved to see the remarkable early woodwork of the church dilapidated; the 14th-century pews removed from an earlier building to the present one are practically falling to pieces. An iron-studded door at the foot of the rood staircase, a three-decker pulpit and stair enclosed in a pew with Jacobean carving, and a clerk's desk below are only a few of the many treasures here.

Numerous Wall Paintings

The church is kept locked and is apparently rarely visited; the atmosphere is damp, and the whole place is far from clean. The numerous wall paintings cannot last in such conditions, and unless steps are taken without delay much of this priceless beauty will disappear for ever.

One of the finest Norman fonts in the county is at West Haddon. The square basin is surrounded by a band of primitive carving representing scenes from the life of Our Lord. Another glory of the church is a magnificently carved 15th-century wooden roof.

Visiting it not long ago, we found the church deplorably dirty; hundreds (it seemed like thousands) of bats have made their home in the exquisite roof, and even in the daylight they were clinging to the woodwork at every corner. There was hardly an inch of surface fit to stand on, still less to sit on; pews, flooring, book-rests, and pulpit were covered with dirt, so unclean that we could not bear to stay in the building.

IN THE WOOD WORLD

The United States Forest Service is busy working at its Laboratory on improvements that will presently benefit carpenters all over the world.

A treatment is being sought that will prevent or greatly reduce shrinking and swelling in seasoning wood.

Then joints and joint fastenings, often so weak and ugly, are being improved; experiments by colouring with transparent dyes are going forward; and a planer that would leave no marks on wood is occupying the minds of inventors.

A Man Before the Inquisition

Old Galileo Who Told the World
That the Earth Goes Round the Sun

WHAT CAME OF A GREAT LAMP SWINGING FROM A CATHEDRAL ROOF

ONE of the strange things about great discoveries is the opposition with which they have always been met.

This year brings round one of the most striking examples of this with the 300th anniversary of the trial of Galileo, who, after having endowed the world with great riches of knowledge, was finally compelled to deny them to save himself from torture or death.

His trial was one of the most famous and pathetic in history. In time it lasted twenty days, but in fact it lasted a whole life, for Galileo found the world against him all the time. The great battle began at school, where the accepted philosophy was that of Aristotle. Galileo dared to contradict it, and the masters, who had never heard of such a contradiction, began taking a dislike to him.

In Pisa Cathedral

Galileo was still a student when he made one of his chief discoveries. We all know the story. One day, when he was in Pisa Cathedral, his eye caught sight of the great lamp hanging from the roof; it was swinging, and Galileo noticed that, although the swing of the lamp grew less in distance, the duration of each swing remained the same in time. He reported this observation to friends, who answered, laughing: "But this leads to nothing, does it?"

The battle was continuing, but Galileo's discovery did lead to something: it led to something very important—the possibility of measuring time accurately. The idea of a scientific clock was born.

Knowledge Conquers Prejudice

Oddly enough, Galileo then knew very little of mathematics, but after this revelation he began studying the science. It is reported that he worked all alone and he must have progressed wonderfully and rapidly, for at 28 we find him a professor of mathematics at the University of Padua. Though public opinion still regarded him sceptically his knowledge in one field had conquered prejudice in another.

In Padua Galileo invented the thermometer, the hydrostatic balance, and had discovered the laws of gravity; yet his critics multiplied.

"This does not agree with what we have always been taught," they said.

Little it mattered to the scholar. Going on with his work he produced

something that outstripped imagination. He perfected the refracting telescope. One of his longings had been to observe the Moon, about which the world then knew practically nothing, and he soon came to the conclusion that the Moon owed her illumination to reflection.

Had he suggested that the Sun was cold it would not have worked more havoc. The whole scholastic world took him for a lunatic. They overwhelmed him with epigrams, anonymous letters, and the like. The worst seemed in store for him, and the worst did come.

Before the Inquisition

Things had just quieted down a little when the great scholar proclaimed that, contrary to the evidence of the senses, the Sun had never moved, but that the Earth, although apparently motionless, moved round the Sun.

At this Galileo was accused of heresy; his discoveries were declared to be in direct contradiction to the Bible. "The passages you refer to have been badly interpreted," answered Galileo; "and, besides, the object of the Scriptures is the salvation of men, not the teaching of astronomy."

Galileo went farther still; he issued a popular edition of a book with the explanation of his theories made easy for all. The work was seized by the Inquisition and burned. Then it was that the great Galileo found himself in the most terrible dramatic situation: either to deny his discoveries or to be condemned by the Inquisition at Rome.

The Ceremony of Denial

However painful the inner struggle must have been for the old man, he chose the first. He would renounce everything to save his life. The ceremony of the denial took place in 1633, before a tribunal of judges and a crowd of people, the illustrious scholar kneeling before the judges and, with both hands on the Bible, swearing to the falsity of his discoveries and his faithfulness to the Church.

Then it was that there took place (so tradition tells us) a circumstance which has remained famous throughout the ages. In returning to his seat Galileo whispered to himself, *And yet it moves.*

He was right. The Earth does move, and today the whole world knows that Galileo was right and that his enemies were wrong.

THE LONELY ISLANDER AND HIS SHOP

How many of us have ever wondered how the lonely islander contrives to do his shopping?

Probably a thousand miles of ocean separate him from the nearest mainland, and yet he is able to obtain, not only necessities but luxuries as well.

This shopping is undertaken by the steamship companies, whose boats call at the various islands, and their list is the most amazing one possible.

A lonely Australian, living on an island north of Australia, sent a request for a cricket bat autographed by all the members of the English and Australian Test Teams. Nothing daunted, the officers of Burns, Philp & Co., Melbourne, set to work, and the bat travelled over various parts of Australia in search of the members of the teams, and has been dispatched with every autograph.

Cricket bats are a frequent request, and tennis racquets and golf balls go to many a lonely island in New Guinea or the New Hebrides.

Surprising, enough, there is also a steady demand for footballs in the winter.

Apart from unusual requests there are many people who long for the familiar brands of boiled sweets, caramels, cough mixture, and medicines. Baby powders and aspirins make their way to the farthest of the Solomon Islands, and one man asked for newspapers. He added that he did not want them to read, but that his wife could find nothing in which to wrap her parcels.

Christmas-time is the busiest season for these obliging shipping offices. One young father in Samarai caused a lot of trouble by asking for a special make of child's motor-car which was unknown in Melbourne. Another asked for 2000 gramophone needles.

But these are simple things compared with some that people ask for. The harassed officers have searched for, among other things, a dog that barks and a dog that doesn't bark, a wedding-ring, and a particular brand of braces.

It seems that there is nothing they will not undertake. The lonely islander must think of them with much gratitude.

WAR IN AUSTRALIA

Wire-Netting Against the
Rabbit Pest

HOW WOOL PRICES ARE AFFECTED

An old trouble is beginning to appear again in Australia.

The rabbit is one of the Motherland's gifts that Australia could do without.

First introduced to the island continent about 80 years ago, the little rodents found conditions so much to their liking that they multiplied rapidly. They became such a pest, eating the grass and spoiling pasture, that in some parts sheep-raising became impossible.

Guns, poison, traps, and ploughs were used against the pest, and vast areas of land were surrounded with wire-netting to keep the rabbits out. After many years of Government and private action it seemed as if man was winning in his war against the rabbit.

Pastures Once More Threatened

Lately, however, farmers have been unable to spend so much money in the fight, for wool prices have been so low owing to world conditions. So Brer Rabbit has again been on the increase, and pastures are once more threatened.

An illustration of the serious nature of the pest comes from western New South Wales. A farmer surrounded the water-holes on his property with wire-netting, but left unprotected two large drinking-troughs. In these he placed poisoned water, and in one evening 11,000 dead rabbits were found near the troughs. Another farmer whose property has recently been invaded caught 8000 rabbits in one day.

Private individuals and the New South Wales Government are now stirred to renewed action. The Government is to spend £200,000 on wire-netting for bar-rages. In fact, the wire-netting industry is experiencing a boom, one firm having trebled its staff during the last few months.

If the pest is not scotched soon there will be good reason, apart from general world conditions, for an increase in the price of woollen goods, because Australia's wool clip will suffer for a number of years.

THE BRITISH FLEET THAT NEVER PUTS TO SEA

Sailing down the Mall from Buckingham Palace to Admiralty Arch is a fleet of ships that never puts to sea.

They cannot, for they are fast to the tops of the lamp-posts which light the way to the King's Palace; but it was a charming idea to put them here, with the Admiralty to keep one eye on them, while Nelson keeps another on them from the top of his column.

How many people notice these delightful touches of fancy in our London streets? Our bureaucrats are certainly not the dull unimaginative fellows that some choose to think them.

The Embankment is perhaps the best example of what they can do when they let their imaginations go. John Dorys flick their tails round the lamp-posts and sphinxes hold up some of the seats; but best of all are the camels near Blackfriars.

Two kneel to each seat, adding its weight to their already loaded backs, but we suspect that few of the poor fellows who while away long hours here have noticed that they are being borne on the backs of camels.

It is as if our good rulers of London were trying to make Cleopatra's Needle feel at home.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 11s a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth

IF THE EARTH HAD THE MOONS OF MARS

ASTONISHING SPECTACLE

All the Phases of Phobos
in a Few Hours

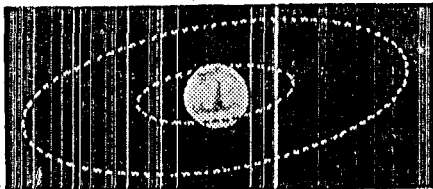
DEAN SWIFT'S GUESS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Mars has now begun to approach Jupiter, having abandoned his retrograde motion toward the west; he has turned and is following his direct path in an eastward direction toward Jupiter.

During the next six weeks the apparent distance between these two worlds will be seen rapidly to diminish until by June 4 they will appear almost to touch, as observed with the naked eye. It will be quite a spectacle; in the meantime we may watch them draw closer.

It would add immensely to the charm and variety of our world as he is to Mars.



The orbits of Phobos and Deimos in relation to Mars, shown in perspective

Earth possessed two moons similar to those of Mars in addition to her own Moon. Indeed the effect would be astonishing to witness, day after day, a small replica of "fair Luna" racing across the sky and in an opposite direction to all the rest of the celestial host, rising in the west and setting in the east. Such would be the entertainment Phobos would provide, twice daily, if attached to our world as he is to Mars.

Phobos would exhibit phases just as our Moon does, varying from crescent to full and then back to crescent, but going through the whole series in only a few hours, instead of 29½ days. Thus, suppose Phobos rose as the Sun set (as it would on occasion), it would be New Moon; but in less than an hour a crescent would appear which would rapidly grow to a Full Moon before midnight. Then it would just as rapidly wane to a crescent long before the dawn and by sunrise be reappearing as a full moon in the West.

The times of these phases would vary, and Phobos would often pass across the Sun's disc but without ever being able completely to eclipse him.

How Phobos Travels

Even on Mars, where the Sun appears to be only five-sixths the width he appears from the Earth, Phobos can never entirely eclipse the Sun as our Moon does; for Phobos presents a disc only about one-third the width of our Moon. This is supposing the diameter of Phobos to be about 10 miles, as has been estimated. We see, therefore, how exceedingly small this moon of Mars is; it appears so large, as seen from the surface of the planet, because it is only 3715 miles above it, as compared with our Moon's average distance of 238,840 miles.

Actually Phobos travels round Mars in the same direction as our Moon does, but so rapidly (in only 7 hours 39 minutes) that it performs the journey more than three times while the planet rotates once. This makes Phobos appear to travel the reverse way to all other celestial bodies in one day.

Deimos, the other moon of Mars, is only about 5 miles in diameter, as well as can be ascertained. It therefore appears much fainter to us, and also much smaller from Mars, particularly since Deimos revolves 12,535 miles above its surface. Scarcely any disc or phase would be perceptible to the naked eye, though, at full moon, Deimos would probably appear brighter than Venus appears to us. As it revolves round Mars in 30 hours 18 minutes, and

THE RIVAL PENGUINS

FIGHTS OVER A NESTING-BOX

Birds Destroy One Another's
Attempts To Build a House

BABA FROM TANGIER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An amusing situation has arisen in the penguin's enclosure at the Zoo.

Two pairs of Humboldt's penguins have decided to make nests this year, but owing to the great rivalry between them their operations are seriously handicapped. Each pair has taken possession of a nesting-box and is working hard to furnish it with a nest of stones and earth, but neither has so far succeeded in building a suitable nursery.

Whenever one pair deserts the nesting-box to take a swim in the pond the two rival birds promptly take advantage of their absence. They raid the unattended nest, pull it to pieces, and then carry away all the building materials to their own nesting-box.

Tit For Tat All Day Long

But they do not enjoy their spoils for any length of time. When the robbed penguins return from their bathe and discover that their labours must be started all over again they wait for an opportunity to be revenged. They watch the thieves until in due course they see them diving into the pond for a swim. They then rush round to their neighbours' nesting-box, retrieve their stolen property, and at the same time become thieves themselves, pulling this nest to pieces, and stealing building materials.

So it goes on all day long.

Fortunately the rivalry between them and the consequent extra work does not upset the birds, but on the contrary seems to make them more and more determined to build.

Black-footed penguins have frequently bred at the Zoo, but this is the first time that any examples of Humboldt's penguin have shown a desire to provide the menagerie with chicks, and so these would-be builders are being watched with great interest.

Making the Zoo Spring-like

Baby animals are now becoming plentiful in the Gardens. The latest additions to the Zoo's nursery are two hog-deer, two Barbary sheep, a black wallaby, and a brown lemur. These youngsters are by no means rare, but the mother animals are neither nervous nor suspicious, and so all are on view and are helping to make the Zoo attractive and spring-like at the beginning of its busy season.

A newcomer from abroad is a wild boar from Tangier. She is known as Baba, and as the Zoo already has a fine male specimen called Piggums, who has been lonely for some time, the new arrival is particularly welcome, for she will be an excellent companion for him.

But before they are introduced into the same den Piggums and Baba will have to get to know one another through a barrier, or a nasty fight might take place and the two might never feel disposed to live together in peace.

Continued from the previous column

so longer than the planet rotates, Deimos does not share in the apparently reverse motion of Phobos.

These satellites were discovered by Professor Asaph Hall at Washington in 1877. It is a most remarkable circumstance that Dean Swift, who wrote Gulliver's Travels over 150 years before, should have described the astronomers of his imaginary Laputa as having "discovered two satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the planet exactly three of its diameters and the outermost five; the former revolves in a space of ten hours and the latter in 21½." Surely a most amazing guess or coincidence!

G. F. M.

L. N. P.

Pioneers On An Island

BOOKS TO BORROW AND TO BUY

The number of Pioneers all over the world grows steadily, and we who believe that nothing but the League of Nations can bring peace take heart to think of the days when these young people are grown up and have a say in their own Governments.

A new branch of the L.N.P. has lately been formed in British Guiana and another in Mauritius, where the members are Pioneers indeed, for theirs is the only League of Nations Society on the island. The secretary, who is not yet 16, has written a full account of the Branch, asking for the names and addresses of boys in other countries with whom members may correspond.

From Singapore a Pioneer writes to say that he, too, is very anxious to exchange letters with members in London, Germany, France, and Italy; another interesting letter comes from a Pioneer in Japan. There is more work than ever waiting for such Pioneers since Japan left the League.

Perhaps all Pioneers do not realise that there are any number of books waiting to be borrowed from the Headquarters Library at 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1. The only charge is the postage, but we are afraid books cannot be lent to Pioneers living outside Great Britain. These might start libraries of their own, with some of the excellent penny books and leaflets on the League to form a beginning. These can be bought at the same address.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: L.N.P.,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.



The L.N.P. Badge

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office. Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

How Long Does It Take Mars to Revolve Once Round the Sun?

686 days 23 hours and 31 minutes.

What is an Arminian?

A believer in the doctrine of man's free-will and salvation by faith. Taught by Jacobus Arminius (1560-1609), a Dutch theologian, it opposed the dogma of predestination taught by the extreme Calvinists, and those who believed in it were subjected to much persecution in Holland between 1619 and 1630.

How and Where Was Bog Oak Formed?

Also called bog wood, bog oak is formed of oak, beech, fir, hazel, and yew trunks and roots found beneath the surface of peat bogs in northern Europe, notably in Ireland, and preserved by the antiseptic properties of the peat water. Many so-called bog-oak ornaments are made from ebony and artificially stained oak.

What is the Name of the Crab Which Loads Itself With Seaweed?

The Thornback and Spider Crabs both camouflage themselves with seaweed so that they may not be noticed by their enemies. The backs and dorsal parts of the limbs are covered with short, stiff bristles to which the seaweeds cling. In course of time minute sponges and acorn barnacles may attach themselves to these crabs.

What Are the Birth and Death Rates of Australia and New Zealand?

In Australia in 1931 they were, respectively, for New South Wales 18.01 and 8.48; Victoria, 16.88 and 9.48; Queensland, 18.62 and 7.86; Western Australia, 20.32 and 8.75. For South Australia in 1932 they were 15.56 and 8.38 and for Tasmania in 1930 22.10 and 9.00.

The corresponding figures for New Zealand in 1930 were 18.80 and 8.56.



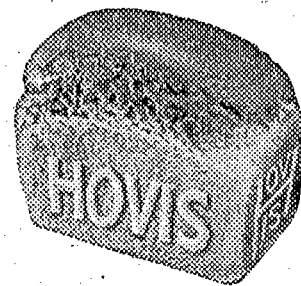
Follow the Golden Rule

TO HEALTH & FITNESS

A little HOVIS every day keeps the system functioning naturally. It supplies all the vital food-elements which maintain health and increase resistance against fatigue and bodily ailments. HOVIS is more than just a delicious bread: it is a food in itself.

HOVIS

EVERY DAY



Best Bakers Bake it

Macclesfield

Troubles OF 1933

Mum's weeping — Dad's gone to business with a bang—Tom swears he won't come home to-night—Madge's going to stay at Aunt Agatha's—even Gran's got her patient look.

And all because we've changed to Daily Sketch!

Mother got down early to read *Modestina*—"saves her pounds and pounds." Dad wouldn't let anyone near it till he'd finished *Candidus*. Tom was taking his girl out, so he had to read *Paul Holt* on the new talkie, or was it *Jesse Collings*—the chap they're all crazy about—on last night's play? Madge tried to snatch it for *Mr. Gossip* and *D'Alroy's Diary* and what dresses *Lady Moira Combe* told her to get.

The twins (that's me and Bridget) late for school—the comic strips!

And Grammie mumbling about "the selfishness of young people" and "they knew she could only see the wireless properly in the *Daily Sketch*."

Hooray, trouble's over, Dad's 'phoned he's ordered TWO Daily Sketches in future as the whole family enjoys it.



DAILY SKETCH

Make it
a habit...
order it
NOW

The Premier
Picture Newspaper

THE HOUSE OF THE SECOND CHANCE A Helping Hand For a Slum Child

When the Sunshine Lady went to Bexhill the other day to visit the Little Folks Home she thought with gratitude of those C.N. readers through whose valiant help the House of the Second Chance is being kept open.

Shouts of enjoyment and peals of laughter were heard as soon as she entered the gates of the drive. They told their own tale of boys and girls, lately ill and unhappy, now transformed into healthy children by the magic of kindness, good nursing, sunshine, and fresh air.

Most of our readers have heard by now that the House of the Second Chance is the seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children. The Home has lately lost its chief means of support, but C.N. readers have stepped into the breach. Many readers have made real sacrifices and sent generous subscriptions. We hope still more who would like to do a piece of the best kind of work in the world will send at least sixpence, and more if they can spare it, to the Sunshine Lady.

How To Keep the Flag Flying

The Home stands in its own grounds with plenty of space for games, and there are two fields in which the children are able to run wild to their heart's delight.

Never will such happiness as this be forgotten by any of them when they go back to their streets and alleys.

Collecting-boxes have always been the backbone of the Home's finances, and here is a simple and easy way of helping the House of the Second Chance, for it is wonderful how quickly coins dropped into the box mount up.

Who will help to keep the flag flying by taking a collecting-box?

The Sunshine Lady has hundreds ready at the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2.

A WORD FOR US FROM VANCOUVER

We give ourselves the pleasure of quoting these notes which a reader sends us from Vancouver. They are from the editorial page of the Vancouver Daily Province.

A countrywoman of mine has just sent me two copies of a newspaper published in England and edited by Arthur Mee—it is called the Children's Newspaper.

Its information is correct, it contains things that people want to know, it is written in concise and clear language, and is altogether one of the best papers I have ever seen.

Its chief peculiarity is that while it is specifically called a children's newspaper it has a more serious tone than most of the popular papers of that country at the present moment. Indeed, to the mature mind of thinking people those might well pass for children's papers, such is the depressing result of the manufacture of mass thinking imposed upon the people by the Beaverbrooks and Rothermeres of the period.

The editorials especially of this children's paper are clear expositions of the state of affairs in England today and might well be read with careful thought by the average adult.

A TRAP FOR MOSQUITOES

In three weeks 150 million mosquitoes have been caught in an ingenious trap invented by a Frenchwoman.

The trap is very simple; it consists of an ultra-violet lamp, which the lady has discovered attracts the insects, and a strong electric fan just below it, the draught of which blows the insects into the trap underneath, from which they cannot escape.

A GREEN OASIS WHERE DEPRESSION CANNOT ENDURE

The Cheerful Workers Among
the Daffodils

BOURNVILLE AND ITS PEOPLE

We are all travellers, and round us is a desert of industrial gloom; but here and there is a glorious oasis.

One of the pleasantest and greenest of them all is near Birmingham. Here is a factory where all seems well; cheerful healthy workers, fine new buildings, work to be proud of, and surroundings good to look on.

Bournville is no mirage, but a real oasis, fresh and green, though dreary haunts surround it. At this moment the factory workers are looking out on a shining host of daffodils, and past them to charming houses and gardens and acres of playing-fields.

An Ideal Village

It is only a hundred years ago since John Cadbury, a member of the Society of Friends, crushed chocolate beans with a pestle and mortar. In 1879 his two sons did an almost revolutionary thing. They built a country factory for 230 workers four miles outside the town.

And a country factory it has remained, though there are now 8000 workers, and Birmingham has stretched grimy streets up to the boundary walls, which enclose not only a factory but over 100 acres of playing-fields and an ideal village of 7500 inhabitants.

This village, which is not reserved only for workers at Cadburys, is complete with green, church, meeting-house, hall, 14th-century timbered manor house, almshouses, reference library, and schools.

Education For Mind and Body

But it is not only the children who go to school at Bournville. Every factory hand up to 18 spends a working day a week at a continuation school, while there are specialised classes for the older ones. Out of that extra day's schooling half an hour is spent in the gymnasium and half an hour in the swimming-baths, so that, instead of the stunted men and women produced by the industrial revolution, here are well-developed healthy people, with minds and bodies in good trim.

A Pension Scheme allows men to retire at 60, women at 55. A Prosperity Sharing Scheme gives back to the workers some of the harvest of good years. Their representatives, equal in number to those of the management, sit on all councils dealing with working conditions, wages, welfare, and technical improvements; while at the same time Trade Unions are recognised. Suggestions are encouraged. A boy who notices a loose brick in the building gets 2s 6d; a man who thinks out some device to perfect the work may get as much as £100 for his suggestion.

The Games Motto

In health and in sickness the workers are cared for. An open-air theatre and a concert hall provide for music, drama, lectures, and films. The Youths Club arranges sports and camping for the younger members, while there are numberless games, clubs, and hobbies for the older ones.

"Players, not Spectators" is the Bournville games motto, and it is this attitude, carried through the whole factory, that keeps the place an oasis in a troubled world.

Here is a collection of individuals, each encouraged to work his or her way to the top and to take full share in the life of this factory in a garden.

From the factory roof can be seen another green spot, safe in good hands. It is Frankley Beeches, a beautiful wooded hill bought by Cadburys and given to the National Trust in memory of the founders.

THE OVERWORKED DRIVER

Constant Peril of the Roads

TIME FOR SOMETHING TO BE DONE

We have many times called attention to the scandal of the overworked charabanc driver; it is one of the gravest perils of the road.

A recent case which came before magistrates in the South of England illustrates the need for stricter control of heavy road lorries. There is a speed limit for these vehicles of 16 miles an hour, and in the case referred to the driver was summoned for driving at 20 miles an hour.

The offence was admitted, but the driver offered a good explanation. It seems that he was expected to do 230 miles in 16 hours, including the time spent in unloading. Therefore he drove fast to win a couple of hours sleep. After he was summoned he reduced his pace to the legal 16 miles an hour, and his reward was dismissal from his employment! Upon hearing this the magistrates paid the man's fine themselves.

The facts of the case are quite plain, because a witness for the employers admitted them.

It is well known that lorries are responsible for a very large number of our increasing road accidents. Not only should the speed limit be enforced and the owners of the vehicles compelled to fit them with speedometers, but means should be found to punish employers who compel their drivers to work excessive hours at excessive speeds. Driving a heavy road lorry is a very responsible business, and it cannot be undertaken properly by a man who does not get proper rest.

BOYS IN THE PIT

Queer Case at Pontypridd

The re-starting of a colliery in the Pontypridd district has caused a curious situation concerning the employment of boys at the pit.

It seems that the management of the colliery decided to put on a double shift, and therefore required eight additional boys to complete the second shift. The Pontypridd educational authority, however, refused to allow an announcement to be made in the schools that there were vacancies for boys at the pit, and many boys, it is said, decline the work. If, however, they decline they cease to be eligible for unemployment pay on leaving school, and therefore they may be forced to adopt mining employment.

NO SPECTACLES NEEDED

A tiny book of 32 pages, measuring about three inches one way and two the other, has been sold for £400.

It was written by Charlotte Brontë when a child, and a marvellous child she must have been. Her idea of a good tidy page was a scrap of paper containing about 35 words.

On 32 scraps of paper Charlotte aged fourteen wrote a book and called it *Visits to Verredopolis*. Then those incredibly neat fingers and sharp eyes set to work bookbinding.

Charlotte stitched her pages together, trimmed the edges, and bound the book in grey sugar paper.

She put it away among her treasures, no doubt secretly very pleased with herself for having written a book, as people of all ages are apt to be. Little could she guess that some day someone would think so much of her little treasure as to pay £400 for it.

Other tiny manuscripts, written when she was a girl, were sold. Altogether they worked out at £1110s a page.

THE VIGIL IN THE LIGHTHOUSE

Man Dies at His Post

Ships that pass in the night pick up tragic news from lonely places.

A few weeks ago a passing steamer received a message from the Eldred Rock Light station in South Alaska that one of the lighthouse-keepers had died four days before. Eleven days passed before the name of the man was known, for during winter months communication with the mainland is often impossible for long periods. Raging north-west gales sweep down Lynn Channel and vessels can only approach the lighthouse at the risk of being smashed to matchwood by the waves.

At last the storm abated, and the steamer *Fern* was able to land after becoming heavily covered with ice in the attempt, and it was found that the man was Ford Rhines, first assistant keeper. His two comrades must have kept a terrible vigil when he fell ill, knowing that as the tumult of the wind and sea grew louder the chances were growing less of help coming in time.

It is 14 years since Mr Rhines joined the lighthouse service, and during that time he worked in several lighthouses in lonely parts of Alaska.

He probably ended his days as he would have wished, at his post.

FIVE POUNDS OFFERED FOR A LOST LETTER

Someone wandering between Hampton and Kingston lately may have picked up an old letter.

They may have casually glanced at it and, thinking this brown and frayed paper of no value, destroyed it. On the other hand, they may have tucked it away somewhere in case of inquiries.

Perhaps they did not realise that this letter is nearly 300 years old, or that one of the signatures at the end of it is that of General Lambert, one of Cromwell's officers, and the other Oliver Cromwell's own.

The lost letter belongs to Captain Christie Crawford of Hampton, who is a collector of relics of the Civil War and bought it at Christie's.

If any C.N. reader happens to have it in his possession Captain Crawford will gladly exchange it for £5.

Captain Crawford was to have added the letter to a collection of Civil War relics which he presented to St Edward's Hall, Stow-on-the-Wold, a village in which the last battle of the Cromwellian troops and the Royalists took place.

The letter consists of one page only, and is addressed to Sir John Wollaston, authorising him to pay Major-General Lambert £56, "being for 56 dayes pay as major-general of the Army," and Lambert's signature is a receipt for that sum, written below that of Oliver Cromwell's.

BANKS PILING-UP MONEY

The chairman of Lloyds Bank, Mr J. W. Beaumont Pease, has been pointing out what a great increase has occurred in British banking deposits. In 1932 the increase was £250,000,000 as compared with 1931.

Mr Pease seemed to think that more money might be spent by public authorities on public works, and pointed out how many obstacles had been erected by Governments to impede trade. In that we are entirely with him; but unfortunately we are not in a position effectively to influence other countries in this matter, and we have recently ourselves imposed new trade barriers.

While we are waiting for other countries to make trade freer, we can at least pursue the development and improvement of our own island, work upon which is in no way impeded by anything that can be done abroad.

I've been eating your 'Golden Shred'



Have some
'Golden Shred'
it's the World's Best Marmalade
says Beauty to the Beast



FREE

Forward one wrapper from 'Golden Shred' Orange Marmalade, one from 'Silver Shred' Lemon Marmalade and one from Robertson's Bramble Jelly, and a beautiful Gollywog Mascot Brooch will be sent you free. Send wrappers with your name and address to the 'Golden Shred' Works, Dept. 40, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol or London, S.E.6—whichever town is nearest to you.

djh
R5

says Beauty to the Beast

Turn morning's
weakness into
strength!



Start
the day with
**SHREDDED
WHEAT**

Marie Elisabeth
are **REAL Sardines**

DELICIOUS, SUSTAINING, HIGH FOOD VALUE
LIKED EVERYWHERE and BY EVERYBODY

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.



Did you ever try to play a
Harmonica?

It is something really fine, but get
a good instrument, not a cheap toy.

HOHNER'S ARE THE BEST

You can get them at 1/3, 2/6, 2/9, etc.

It is extremely easy to learn to play.

We give you a **FREE** Tutor and List of Music specially
arranged for the Harmonica.

HOHNER HARMONICA GUILD,
21, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 9 A Smoke Screen

As they neared the edge of the pool Jock pulled up. "One thing you've forgotten. The coracle won't hold us both."

"Don't worry, I didn't forget the string," replied Tim, taking a ball of stout cord from his pocket.

For a moment Jock looked puzzled, then he nodded. "I see. One goes over, the other pulls the coracle back."

Tim grinned, and got into the queer little bowl-shaped boat. He paddled across, trailing the string behind him, and Jock pulled the coracle back. It was the crankiest craft he had ever sat in and it beat him how anyone could fish from it; but Tim declared it was quite easy when you got used to it, and that some of the Welsh anglers actually use a coracle for salmon fishing.

They went up through the steep woods and, gaining the top, Tim stopped talking and went forward cautiously.

"I've been to Garve House," he told Jock, "but not since the present man has had it. He took it furnished for three months!"

"What's he call himself?" Jock asked.

"Spain; probably not his real name."

"He's a queer chap," said Jock. "But I'm not worrying about him," he added.

"It's that chap Jasper. He's a nasty piece of goods."

"I don't believe he'll be here at all," declared Tim.

"Then there'll be somebody else," declared Jock.

"We shall soon see," Tim said. "We're coming to the edge of the wood. Duck down and creep through the bracken."

They ducked and crept and presently were on the edge of the wood. The meadow was in front of them, Garve House to the right, and to the left, about a hundred yards away, the brook which ran into the bigger river just below the pool where they had crossed. The plane lay almost in front of them at a distance of about a couple of hundred paces.

"There's a man working on it," whispered Tim. "What luck! He's filling the tank."

"Luck, do you call it?" growled Jock. "How do you think we're going to get it away with that chap hanging round?"

Tim was not at all dismayed.

"Let's go round by the brook. We can creep up the bed of it, rush him, and tie him up."

"And then sit there for ten minutes while the engine warms up?" asked Jock sarcastically. "What do you think will happen while we're doing that?"

Tim looked a little dashed, but not for long. "I expect the man will start warming her up as soon as he's filled her. Your friend Red will want to get rid of the machine as soon as he can. So long as it's here it's evidence against him."

Jock frowned. "You may be right about that, but anyhow your plan's too risky. It's quite a long way from the brook to the plane, and he'd be pretty certain to spot us."

"If we don't do that I'd like to know what else we can do," said Tim.

Jock was thinking hard.

"Tell you what, Tim, I think I've got it. When I came through the shrubbery this morning I spotted a big pile of branches. Someone had been opening up the path, lopping a lot of stuff. If I were to run up there and stick a match into the pile there'd be a jolly fine bonfire. That might fetch the chap."

"You mean it would call his attention off the plane—he'd think the house was afire."

"Not the house, the outbuildings. The brush pile is just behind the garage."

"It might work." Tim's voice was a little doubtful. "We'll try it anyway."

"No need for you to come. I can do it," said Jock.

"Yes, and run into trouble. See here, Jock, we're in this together, and we stick together."

Jock grinned. The more he saw of Tim the better he liked him.

"All right," he agreed.

It did not take long to make their way up through the wood to the wicket gate. There they paused and listened; but there did not seem to be anyone about, so they went through it and crept up under the garage wall. That hid them from the house.

There was the pile of branches stacked up six feet high. Jock peeped round the end of the wall, then, finding the coast clear, slipped out and, striking half a dozen matches at once, thrust them into the heap. He waited only long enough to make sure the stuff was alight, then scuttled back.

As the two raced through the shrubbery into the wood there was a crackle like fireworks behind them, but next moment this was drowned by the far louder sound of the plane's engine.

"There, I told you!" said Tim. "He's warming her up. And as for that fire, he'll never hear or see it."

Jock looked a bit worried.

"I expect you're right. We'll have to go round by the brook."

"That'll work all right," said Tim confidently. "Anyhow the chap will never hear us."

"He'll see us," Jock said. "There's no cover once we leave the brook."

"We've got to have that plane."

It was all right down in the bed of the brook, for the bank was high enough to hide them so long as they kept their heads down. But it was difficult to run all doubled up and some of the pools were quite deep. It was more than five minutes before they gained the spot nearest to the plane.

"My word, that fire's going great guns," said Jock, as he poked his head up over the bank. "Look at the smoke."

"But the man isn't paying any attention to it," Tim answered. "It's no use waiting."

Jock caught Tim by the arm.

"Wait a jiffy," he whispered urgently. "He's getting up into the plane."

But, instead of starting, the man switched off and the silence that followed was broken only by the distant crackle of the bonfire.

Jock's face lit up. "That's better. Now he's bound to spot the fire."

The man, a very ordinary-looking fellow who wore a blue overall, was looking round at the great cloud of smoke which a faint breeze from the north-east was carrying toward the house.

"He's getting out. He's going up," breathed Tim, who was quivering with excitement. "Now's our chance, Jock."

But Jock still clutched Tim's arm.

"Not yet," he whispered.

CHAPTER 10 Southward Bound

Jock was as excited as Tim, but he did not show it so much. His square face was set doggedly. He waited till the man

had nearly reached the edge of the smoke cloud then let go of Tim's arm.

"All right," he said. Tim went off like an arrow from a bow. He was in the plane before Jock reached it. As Jock ran round in front he saw Tim already in the pilot's seat.

"Can you handle her?" panted Jock.

"Rather. At least I can fly her. I don't know so much about navigating. But, I say, the wind's all wrong. I'll have to turn her into it to get her up."

Jock glanced round. "Then you'll have to be quick," he said. "There are two men coming down from the house. And one of 'em looks like Red."

"Give her a turn, then," cried Tim.

Jock did so, and the engine, well warmed, started at once. Jock scrambled in. Tim advanced the throttle and the roar became deafening as the plane began to move.

At present her nose was pointed toward the brook, but there was not space enough on the down slope for her to rise. In any case, an aeroplane must take off into the wind so Tim started to bring her round. But a plane doesn't turn like a car. She has to come round in a wide sweep. Jock was watching Red and his companion, and the moment the engine started this man also started and came sprinting down the meadow with great strides. By the time Tim got the plane round the man was quite close.

He was tall and powerfully built, and the savage look on his weather-beaten face augured ill for the boys if he once got his hands on them. He did not waste breath in threats but ran directly for the plane. She had not got her pace yet, and was bumping badly over the uneven ground. It looked as if the big man would reach her before Tim could get her going.

Tim kept his head admirably. Instead of turning the machine away and trying to escape he deliberately swung her round and headed straight at the man. To escape being knocked down he was forced to leap aside. His quickness was wonderful, and as the wing passed him he made a grab and caught the tip. His weight checked the plane, and if the wing had hit the ground would have stopped or upset her.

But Tim had spotted what the man meant to do, and as the fellow seized the wing he quickly swung the machine in the opposite direction.

JACKO MAKES THE CUSTARD

MOTHER JACKO thought it was high time to draw the line, for Jacko was always demanding Saturday feasts for his friends.

"I'm tired of making jellies and pies," she told him one day. "So there's nothing for you this time but a dish of stewed prunes."



"Where on earth did you get this powder?"

"And cream?" asked Jacko, cheekily.

"No, nor custard either," snapped his mother—"unless you like to make it yourself."

Jacko sniffed scornfully and strolled into the garden. Suddenly he had an idea. "Coo! I will make it!" he chuckled, running back to the kitchen.

There was no one about, so he got out his mother's cookery book and set to work. First he found the custard powder, which he mixed into a paste, then he tipped it into a saucepan of milk and was soon busily stirring it on the stove.

"The stuff doesn't get much thicker," he muttered, peering at it from time to time. "Perhaps sugar will help."

Jacko poured nearly half a bag of sugar into the saucepan, and then decided it was time to taste it.

But no sooner did the spoon touch his lips than he gave a loud yell and ran spluttering to the sink.

Mrs Jacko put her head through the door to see what all the noise was about.

"You stupid boy!" she cried. "You should have cooled it first, like this."

Taking a little of the mixture in a spoon she blew it gently and then put it to her mouth.

The next second she too started coughing till the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed, when at last she could speak. "Where on earth did you get this powder?"

Jacko held up a tin with the label partly torn. "Out of here," he retorted. "What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" cried Mother Jacko. "It's never right with you! That bit torn off the label was the letter M. What you've used is mustard, not custard!"

"He's down! You've bowled him over!" shouted Jock.

The left wing rising sharply had caught the man in the chest and knocked him sprawling. Before he could get up the plane was far out of his reach and travelling at thirty miles an hour. A moment later Tim eased the stick back, the bumping ceased, and the big machine took the air.

Jock leaned over. "Good work, Tim," he shouted in Tim's ear.

Tim grinned. His grey eyes were dancing. "I knew we'd manage it," he shouted back. "I say, I hope I haven't slain the chap."

Jock looked down and he too laughed.

"Judging by his face, the only thing you've really hurt is his feelings."

"As we can't hear what he's saying I'm not worrying about that," replied Tim, as he circled upward. "I say, Jock, try to find a couple of helmets and a phone. We'll probably do a lot of talking."

Jock nodded. In a locker he found two helmets and phones and also a leather waistcoat and an overcoat. He put on the waistcoat and brought the overcoat for Tim. Then they put on the helmets, connected the phones and sat comfortably side by side.

"I'm taking her pretty near due south," Tim said.

"Where are we?" Jock asked.

"Carmarthen," Tim told him.

"Then south is about right or a bit east of south. We passed over a big town last night. I expect it was Swansea."

"I don't know about that. Where did you leave Somersetshire?"

"A little east of Weston, as far as I could gather, but I don't really know. It was a bigish place, and I spotted a lighthouse."

"You're a bit vague, old man," replied Tim. "If the place was Weston we have to go a lot to the east of south."

"Let's try that first," said Jock. "If it's wrong we can go west down the Bristol Channel. I'm pretty sure I'd recognise the place, though it was only moonlight when I saw it."

Tim nodded and pulled the plane round until her compass showed south-east.

"First time I've ever flown a big bus like this," he told Jock. "But, my word, how she does travel!" He opened the throttle a little and the needle of the dial crept up to 120 miles an hour. "We'll be there in about 40 minutes," he added.

Jock was looking over the edge of the cockpit. He had to be careful for, though in the plane itself there was hardly any sense of motion, the wind stream was enough to take his head off.

"There's a lake," he said eagerly. "It's the one we passed last night."

"Then Cardiff's your town," Tim replied.

The lake faded away behind them, and hills rose in front. As they swept over the crest the broad waters of the Bristol Channel showed in front, shining under the bright sun. They passed over Cardiff at about 3000 feet, and Tim held the big plane straight out across the Channel.

It was strange to be able to see the deeps and shoals exactly as if they were looking down on a great chart. Ships of all sorts crawled beneath them, big steamers and small fishing craft, but Jock paid little attention to sea or ships. His eyes were fixed on the farther shore.

"There's my lighthouse," he said presently. "I'm pretty sure it's the one I spotted last night."

"That's Weston," Tim told him. "I'll keep just east of it and we'll fly low up the beach until you get your landmarks."

At the pace they were moving they were across the Channel in about a quarter of an hour; Tim dropped lower and turned east, flying up the beach at a height of about 500 feet, while Jock scanned the cliffs on the starboard side, watching keenly for the spot where he had set the plane down on the previous night. Tim came lower still, and the plane roared along only a little above the level of the cliffs, startling the seabirds with the rattle of her exhaust. The cliff ran out to a point in front, and as they rounded this great mass of rock Jock exclaimed in dismay.

"There's a plane there already, Tim; on the beach. Do you see?"

Tim whistled softly. "I see her all right. Yes, and two men searching the cliff. Looks to me as if your friend Red had stolen a march on us, Jock. He must have phoned one of his pals early this morning, and told him where to look for the stones. What are we going to do? The beach is the only place to land. But it would be simply crazy to bump down on top of those chaps. With fifty thousand pounds at stake they won't stop at much."

TO BE CONTINUED

Baked Jam Roll!

Hugon's 'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—
crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple
to make—only three-quarters of an hour's baking
with 'ATORA.'

This inexpensive recipe is taken from
the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes.
Send a postcard for a copy, post free
from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

RECIPE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour.
Teaspoonful Baking Powder. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Shredded 'Atora.'
Pinch of Salt.
Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour,
then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet
should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted).
Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin,
and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over
(sealing up ends by turning them in), damp
edges and pinch together. Bake for about
 $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot.
Sufficient for 6 persons.



If You're a Radio Enthusiast—

POPULAR WIRELESS will help you in countless ways, for every aspect of Wireless is dealt with week by week in its pages. If you have any particular problem write to POPULAR WIRELESS. A staff of expert contributors is at your service. In every issue they will give you particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. This practical paper will help you to get the best results from your wireless set.

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Wednesday

3d.

The Stamp Collector's Corner.

THE TURKO-PALESTINE PACKET.

This fine lot of good-class Stamps, just what you want for your Collection, will be sent for 2d. on condition you ask for approvals. Contents: Set of Pictorial S. Africa, Kenya, Brazil, Turkey (map), and Pictorial Straits, China unused, Persia, Finland, Set of Palestine, air post, etc. Senders of collectors' addresses get a fine free set.—H. WATKINS, 60 LEICESTER ROAD, EAST FINCHLEY.

2d.

NOW READY

Our 1933 PRICE LIST of SETS

3,333 sets covering the World from Abyssinia to Zululand are quoted ranging in price from 1d. to £1.

PRICE 6d. POST FREE

ERRINGTON & MARTIN (Dept. 220)
South Hackney, London, E.9

ESTABLISHED 1880

FREE! 20 WONDERFUL STAMPS

Including 10 all different Greece, showing head of Heracles, Iris, Ship in Corinth Canal, Native Costumes, the White Tower at Salonica, Temple at Thebes, surcharged, etc., also a fine set of 5 scarce Germany surcharged for use in captured Belgium, and a splendid set of 5 French Colonials (Natives, Jungle Scenes, Animals, etc.). I will send this valuable collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage (abroad 6d. p.o.). Only one gift to each applicant.

G. P. KEEF, Willingdon, Eastbourne, Sussex.

100 Lions
for 4d. Postage 1d. extra.

The "Whipsnade" Packet of foreign stamps all with lions on them, including bl-coloured South (surcharged, a beautiful stamp), Schleswig, Estonian, N.Z., Victory, Persia (large), and some fine long sets. Applicants for approvals sending postage receive set of Danzig with 20 lions and 72-p. booklet free. Senders of collectors' addresses get additional FREE set.

WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Graiville Road, BARNET.

AFGHANISTAN PACKET FREE

A fine packet of all different stamps, containing a fine unused Afghanistan new issue, Abyssinia 1932 large pictorial unused, Yemen 1931 unused, Albania 1930 pictorial unused, Algeria high value, Russian North-West Army Stamp, Tunis high value, Siam head, Portugal 40c., Travancore, etc., etc. FREE to all asking to see my famous approval sheets and enclosing 2d. for postage and packing (abroad 3d.). Albums from 1/6 upwards. POST ONLY.

S. HAMMOND, CHESHAM FIELDS, BURY.

SCARCE PICCARD BALLOON AND AERO PACKET FREE!

Over 60 different stamps. BRAZIL (Acroplane), MOROCCO (Diplane), ROMANIA AVIATION FUND (Monoplane over Mountains). Over 30 Obsolete High Value stamps and a COMBET SET of AIRMAILS issues in 1919. The PICCARD COMMEMORATIVE is MOST HANDSOME, and shows the professor's BALLOON IN THE AIR and the dates of his record ascents. Included also 200 and Commemorative stamps, MAT'S Sowers, Reapers and Blacksmiths. ALL FREE! Just enclose 2d. postage requesting approval (abroad 6d.).—SHOWELL BROS (C.N.21), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.

SOUTH SEA Packet FREE.

Many fine stamps from the Romantic South Sea Islands are found in this packet of 60 varieties. Papua, the beautiful stamp illustrated, Jamaica (the fine Arakak issue), Cuba (President), Guiana, Japan (Earthquake), obsolete Spain (Republic), Nigeria, old Travancore, Africa (Erigato), British Colonial, 25 genuine unused. A wonderful offer. All Free. Just send 2d. postage requesting approval.—TSUBURY CROWNSD (Dept. C.N.), LIVERPOOL.

THE Matlock STAMP ALBUM
The Greatest Gift made EVER BETTER
ONE HUNDRED FULLY TITLED
PAGES. Spaces for every stamp-
issuing country. Beautifully illus-
trated and completely indexed. Spaces
ruled in squares and oblongs. Now
strongly bound in stout grained card
coloured pictorial cover.
Just send 4d. stamp to cover post and
packing. REQUEST APPROVALS.
FREE! If extra 1d. is sent a Splen-
did illustrated Handbook,
"THE STAMPS OF AFRICA",
will be sent as well as the Album.
VICTOR BANCROFT,
Matlock, England.

15,000 East End Children

will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer.

Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give
12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour
to poor children from slum homes of East London's
Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to
The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.

EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.1.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1 lb. 4/6,

3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments,
Socks, etc. Steel Grey, 2/4; Colours from 2/11 lb.
post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/8 yd.
Tweeds, Tailoring, etc. Patterns with pleasure.
All Wool Brown Blankets, 5/11½ each. Special value.
ABOUT 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON
BURNETT'S
N.C. DEPT.
WELLINGTON,
SOMERSET,
ENGLAND.

Reinforcements for the half-backs



There's pep for you . . . half-time and no score. This team knows a good thing when it sees it; that's why the familiar Wrigley pellets find their way to every mouth. Wrigley's takes away the parched feeling . . . leaves the mouth fresh and cool.

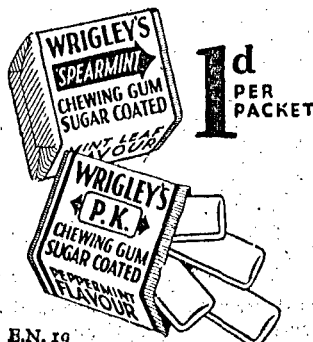
Wrigley's is good for any team . . . everybody in fact; it is the ideal thirst quencher—"steadier" and sweetmeat all in one . . . and the flavour lasts.

In two flavours—P.K., genuine peppermint flavour; Spearmint, pure mint leaf flavour. Four generous pellets in every 1d. packet . . . the purest money can buy.

BRITISH MADE

WRIGLEY'S

MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM



B.N. 19

THE BRAN TUB

A Sheepfold Problem

A SHEPHERD who had 105 sheep used to shut them up for the night in four different folds, which varied in size. In the second fold he put twice as many as in the first, in the third twice as many as in the second, and in the fourth twice as many as in the third.

How many sheep were there in each fold?
Answer next week

The Landrail

TOWARD the end of this month the landrail, or cornrake, arrives in England. This bird is a very good friend of the farmer, destroying large numbers of slugs and insects.

The grating call of the landrail is familiar in the country, but the bird is rarely seen, being so often hidden in the long grass. Many are killed by reaping machines when the hay is cut, for the sitting birds refuse to leave their nests in spite of the oncoming danger.

Railway Engine Stamp

THE Egyptian Post Office commemorated the International Railway Congress held in Egypt this year by issuing a set of four



stamps, each one bearing a picture of a locomotive. The example reproduced here shows an engine of 1852.

What Does It Mean?

CAN you read this verse so as to make it perfectly intelligible? It is a sign written by an old innkeeper.

Here's to Pand's Pen, d A'soc.
I. alho, Ur,
Inh. arm les Smirt Hand. F.U.N,
Leftri. end Shipreig N, B E ju.
St. Andki N. D.
An Devil's Peak. O' F. N, O' N, E.
Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



J'ai un porte-plume à réservoir.
Ces gens attendent notre arrivée.
Marie pousse la voiture d'enfant.

A Tree Stump Compass

WHEN you find a tree that has been sawn down you can discover the points of the compass by examining the rings of growth. You will notice that these are much wider on one side than the



other, and this is the part facing South. The stem of the tree facing this way naturally receives more sunshine, and this induces the rings of growth to develop more fully than where the trunk is heavily shaded.

Seeds That Water Themselves

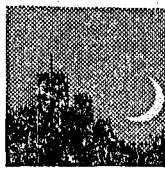
MOST gardeners know how difficult it is to raise the seeds of very small plants. They must only be covered with the thinnest layer of soil, and when watered many of the seeds are washed out.

There is an easy way to overcome this trouble. On the top of a brick press a layer of fine soil about one and a half inches thick. On this sow the seeds, covering lightly with a little more soil. Place the brick in a bowl

with about an inch and a half of water. The water will soak up through the brick into the soil, which will be kept just at the right degree of moisture.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Mars, Jupiter, and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Thursday, April 27.



A Rhyming Riddle

IN Amsterdam tis common,
Yet Holland wants it still;
It's on every moor and mountain,
Yet not on any hill.
It never was in Italy,
But yet in Rome appears;
It comes in every minute,
Yet not in twenty years.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

II. 81

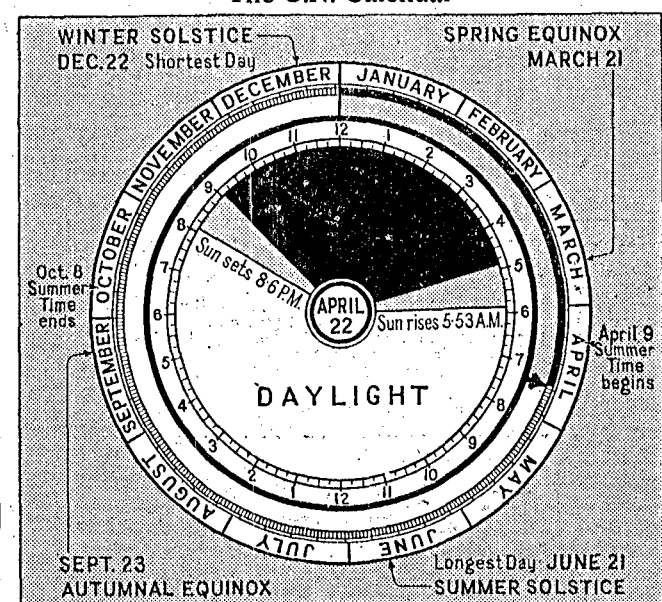
Word Changing. Lamb, balm, alms

What Bird Is This? Chaffinch

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

A	D	I	T	A	P	P	L	E	A	S	I	A
C	O	R	I	L	L	A	E	V	I	N	C	E
E	O	N	U	S	S	E	D	D	A	S		
I	N	T	O	R	T	U	R	E	R	A		
S	T	I	L	E	O	I	L	A	N	C	O	N
P	A	C	E	F	O	R	T	H	A	E	R	O
A	L	L	T	E	R	M	R	E	A	P	T	O
R	I	Y	E	C	O	S	T	A	R	D	T	A

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on April 22. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

His Complaint

BILL was late home for tea, and he was looking none too cheerful.

"What is troubling you, sonny?" asked his mother.

"Rheumatism, Mummie," he replied.

"Oh, I hardly think that's right."

"Yes, Mummie; I couldn't spell it, and so Teacher kept me in."

Cats and Dogs



THE dog was King, the cat was Queen,

In royal state they sat.

The people cried "What does it mean,

A reigning dog and cat?

Raining cats and dogs we know, But this is something new,

A reigning cat and dog—oh, no! We're sure it can't be true!"

He Tries

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Johnny had been reproved.

"Why don't you try to be a good boy?" said Mother

"But, Mummie, I do try," he replied.

"You don't succeed, though."

"But think what a naughty little boy I should be if I didn't try at all, Mummie."

The Difference

HE thought life would be easy if he could get a post in his uncle's firm; but Uncle knew his nephew.

"So you advise me to look for work on a farm?" said the youth at the end of the interview.

"Advise you?" repeated Uncle.

"No, sir; I dare you!"

Thanks in Advance

THE tramp knocked at the side door.

"Thank you very much for your generosity," he said, as the door opened.

"But I haven't given you anything," said the lady of the house, curtly.

"Well, you are not going to let my gratitude go to waste, ma'am, are you?"

FETCHING THE NEWSPAPER

ing noise was heard at the door. Up jumped John and ran to open it.

In trotted Scottie—with the paper in his mouth, wagging his tail with satisfaction.

"Bless my soul!" said Father. "Well done, Scottie! Is this the surprise, John?"

"Yes, Dad. I taught him. It was easy to teach him to carry the paper, but I had a terrible job to get him to go alone to the shop with the penny."

"Bravo, old chap!" said Uncle Jim. "I have to go now, but remind me to tell you of another clever dog I once knew."

Mother put an arm round him and said, "Oh darling, I am so glad you weren't really being disobedient."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

FOR half an hour John had kept running to the front door and looking down the street to see if his father were coming.

He had a great surprise waiting for him, and even Scottie, the terrier, seemed excited. Oh dear! Would he never come?

Ah, there he was at last, and Uncle Jim was with him. Now they could all share the surprise, Mummy, Daddy, and Uncle Jim. Lovely! He squirmed with joy as he stood pressed close to the wall behind the door.

The key rattled in the lock, the door opened, and John pounced.

"Young rascal!" said his father. "Nearly frightened me to death."

"Catch!" said his uncle, as he threw a slab of nut chocolate to him.

After tea they all sat round the fire, John very restless, trying to control his excitement. Five minutes to six was his time each evening to fetch the newspaper, and at exactly five minutes to six he burst out: "Daddy, I've got a surprise for you!"

"Splendid!" said his father; "but business first. Run to the corner for the paper before the shop closes. Here's the penny."

"I'm not going to fetch your old newspaper," said John, strutting to the door.

"Nonsense!" said his father; "hurry up."

"But I'm not, Daddy, you wait and see."

"Do as your father tells you, John," said his uncle.

But John was already out of the room, and the door closed behind him.

"I'm sure he doesn't mean it," said his mother, after a moment's astonished silence. "I heard the front door open."

"Yes, I did mean it," said John, coming back in time to hear his mother's words.

"Oh, indeed?" said his father. "I'm afraid you will be the only person to get a surprise tonight. I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind."

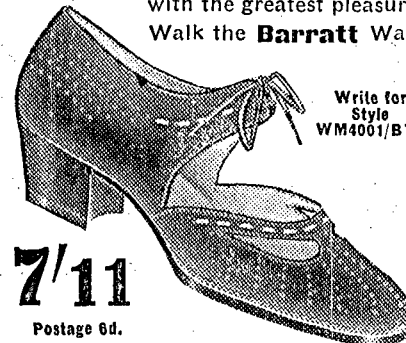
The clock ticked on. John could not prevent a little smile creeping to his lips, though he tried to look solemn.

The three minutes were almost ended when a scratch-



Barratt's "Swankie" Suede Shoe

This smart little Suede Shoe will put you "in the mode," for suede is Fashion's favourite now. The Black Suede upper is interlaced with white leather and smartly-punched. It is leather lined, has a suede-covered walking heel and leather sole. Made on Veldtschoen principle, which gives wonderful flexibility. For warm-weather walking its feather-weight lightness is most enjoyable. It's a dainty, happy shoe in which you can, with the greatest pleasure, Walk the Barratt Way.



Write for
Style
WM4001/BW.

★ Order Now Through Barratt's Special Post Service from Works.

Ask for Style WM4001/BW and mention size wanted. Sizes and half sizes 3 to 7 in a comfy width—Send pencil outline of stocking foot if you don't know your size. Please enclose cheque or money order for 7/11 and postage. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed.

W. BARRATT & CO., LTD. 16, Footshape, Northampton.

Write for Barratt's List of latest Styles.

The May Number of the C.N.'s Monthly Companion is On Sale Everywhere

Here are some of the contents:

An Extraordinary Fact About
Our Country

What Shall We Do With
Our Knowledge?

Let Us Look At a Man

Our Link With the Nightmare
Age

Oliver Goldsmith, the Im-
mortal Ne'er-Do-Well

There are many other articles besides
poems, stories, puzzles, and numerous
pictures. Buy a copy now.

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

1s